

ARTHUR'S  
HOME MAGAZINE:

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR

AND

MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

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VOL. XXXII.  
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July to December.

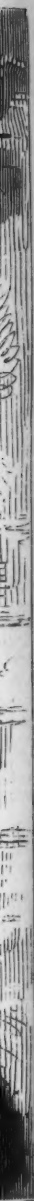
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PHILADELPHIA:

T. S. ARTHUR.  
1868.



"SHE STANDS BY THE WINDOW, KNITTING."



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THE SICK DOLL.

(5)



**NAHANT WRAPPER.**—The front of the body is left open to display a tucked bosom; the skirt folds across diagonally and closes with buttons; a pocket upon the opposite side; belt and sash. The material is white pique trimmed with a figured stripe of blue and rice buttons; hood in the back lined with the trimming material. White cord fringe across the sashes.



No. 1.



No. 2.

No. 1.—Young lady's apron of black or colored silk, cut in three gores; the centre is trimmed with scalloped folds, a pointed belt and deep fold set in with the latter; the seams and edges are finished with black satin binding.

No. 2.—Spanish apron of black silk in three gores curved at the bottom; a round belt fastened with a dahlia, a border of points bound with cherry satin, edge bound and finished with guipure lace; a fan of plaited silk headed with satin buttons upon the seams. Aprons of this kind are very fashionable for young ladies, to be worn with morning or afternoon home toilet.



No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 1.—Young lady's walking-costume of light tan-colored poplin, ornamented with royal purple gimp and satin-covered buttons; double skirt, the upper curved at the sides, and cut square under the first bar. Sack shaped to correspond.

No. 2.—Walking-attire for a Miss of fifteen to seventeen. Blue silk underskirt plain, upper festooned at each side with two broad bias folds having a puff between; plain fold over the shoulders and at the bottom of the sleeves, folds studded with frosted silver buttons, front closing with the same. Sack loose and round.



No. 1.



No. 2.

No. 1.—A street garment in gray French tweed, trimmed with a darker shade of silk galloon and bullion fringe; a diagonal row of agate buttons upon the cuff; front closed with a larger size of the same; the bottom is cut rounding across the back, and the front perfectly straight.

No. 2.—This is suitable for either a boy or girl from three to four years of age. Style Gabrielle, material cream-colored mottled cloth and trimming, Havana brown alpaca braid, the bands doubled and stitched across the top with white. The back closes with mottled agate buttons.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.  
Published by W. H. BONER & CO., 1102 Chestnut Street.

# DARLING AILEEN.

BY BARRY CARTER.

*Andante con espressione.*

PIANO.

Oh, come to me, darling Aileen! . . . . I'm lonely with-out thee to-

night; . . . And list to me, darling Aileen, . . . . Let your laughing eyes dance with de-

light . . . . You're pure as the angels a - - bove, . . . . Or the

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1868, by BARRY CARTER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

# DARLING AILEEN.

9

daisies be - spangled with dew! . . . . . My heart is a - glow with the

*rit.* CHORUS.  
love . . . . . I feel, darling Ai - leen, for you. . . . . Oh

a tempo.  
come to me, darling Ai - leen, . . . . . To the path by the sil - very tide, . . . . . When

bright stars are laughing at e'en, . . . . . O'er the clear rip'ling wavelets we'll glide. . . . .

I sigh for the sound of your voice,  
And the light of your love beaming eye,  
Your smile makes my lone heart rejoice,  
I'll love your sweet face till I die!  
Your dear fairy form I'd embrace  
In my arms, so to shield you from harm,  
The smile on your beautiful face  
Says your heart beats for me just as warm.  
CHORUS.

When the bright roses fade from thy cheek,  
Thine eye lose its beautiful light,  
Thy fair form grow feeble and weak,  
And thy golden hair silvery white,  
Then closer I'll press thy dear form,  
Kiss the sorrow away from thy brow,  
Guard thee, darling one, safe from the storm;  
Yes, I'll love thee, dear Aileen, as now.  
CHORUS.



No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 1.—WALKING DRESS.—Black silk walking-dress and loose sack open at the sides; trimming of bound silk leaves and box-plaited satin folds; two rows of leaves around the skirt and across the bottom of the sack, and sleeves with vertical folds set between a single row of leaves around the front over the sleeves and encircling the side openings.

No. 2.—WALKING COSTUME of gray *chene* summer-poplin ornamented with blue galloon to represent bands run through slides, the latter being likewise of galloon. This trimming is placed upon every seam of the skirt.



No. 1.



No. 2.

No. 1.—A BOY'S blouse of *pique* bound and trimmed with fine mohair braid. The straps upon the sleeves, shoulders and front, are bound with the same; pearl buttons; sash set in the shoulder-seam, and knotted at the belt upon the opposite side; the front folds slantwise from the shoulder-seam.

No. 2.—A SUMMER-WAIST of fine white organdie, embroidery in the centre, a puff upon either side, and beyond this a broad plaiting of colored ribbon or crape, which can be removed when the garment is to be washed; a puff at the top of the sleeve, with a band of embroidery below; plaited ribbon or crape around the bottom, and embroidery at the wrists, neck and waist.



# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1868.

## A NEW SERIES OF TEMPERANCE STORIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM."

### NUMBER FIVE.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

*In Two Parts.—Part Second.*

VERY different in its effects is the pain of a wounded spirit. In some it works bitterness—in some depression, and in some the sweetness of religious trust. Sweetly, purely, divinely, it wrought in the spirit of Adaline Penrose. Not long did she sit in the shadow of these veiling clouds which had covered her sky so suddenly. There could be, for a time, no help in herself. She felt this deeply; and so, resolutely laying her hand upon her heart to still its impetuous throbs, she looked upward, asking for strength to bear, and inspiration to good deeds.

On the Sunday following, Adaline went to church as usual. If she had consulted her feelings, she would have remained at home, for the probabilities were in favor of her meeting Carl Deering, who attended church regularly. But a sense of religious duty would not let her omit the Sabbath privilege; and, moreover, she felt that she needed just the strength and spiritual comfort to be had in worship.

At the church door she found herself by the side of Carl, who recognized her with a cold nod, and a look of reproach that was very bitter to her heart. She sang the hymns, and said the prayers, and hearkened to the preacher with all the self-forgetfulness in her power to summon—it was not much—and went home like one in a dream.

Such a little thing to stand as an impediment between two souls, nobly endowed, each recognizing in each an inborn fitness for each other! Such a little thing as a social glass of wine! And yet it did stand a wall of separation firm as adamant. And why not? Habits become second nature, and bear us sometimes, almost helplessly, on their steady

currents. It is wise then for a maiden to take note of the things her lover does habitually, and see if there be any, which, if confirmed in after years to a degree, that would give them mastery over him, would destroy her peace.

It needs no argument to show that, of all the habits into which our young men fall, there is none more dangerous than that of social drinking; and none that more gradually, enticingly and insidiously winds its silken cord with spider-like skill around free manhood, until every limb and muscle is bound in helpless thralldom.

When, therefore, as in Adaline's case, a maiden finds the breath of her lover foul with liquor, and his brain unsteady, she may well tremble and start back as from the edge of a frightful chasm. What can she know of his peculiar hereditary tendencies?—of those subtle inner forces that may hold him up or bear him down? Nothing at all! He may be in no real danger of becoming a drunkard, or, in imminent peril! How is she to know?

Who, with such a picture as the memory of Adaline Penrose held, can blame her for turning resolutely away from the only man who had ever filled her maiden ideal, and refusing to take the risk of sharing with him the good and evil of life?

Both Carl and Adaline held their secret very closely—he from pride; she from maiden instinct. But even indifferent observers noticed that they were ill at ease in each other's company.

Almost from the day Adaline declined his offer of marriage, Deering began to show more friendly attentions to Alice May. There was that in Adaline's reply to his offer which extinguished hope. But his heart did not give her up so easily. A thought of her would send a quicker pulse along his veins—a meeting disturb the even balance of his mind for



hours. His spirit leaned and yearned towards her as to the complement of his life.

Alice May had not the fine mental and moral qualities of her friend. She failed in religious sentiments almost entirely. What the passing hour gave, if it pleased her fancy, she accepted without too rigid questionings. For a man of Deering's character, she was no fit life-companion. She could never be to him a second self.

With a half blind impulse, not unallied to desperation, Deering, all the while conscious of this girl's unfitness to become his wife, pressed nearer and nearer, and within two months of his failure with Adaline bound himself to her in a marriage promise.

"What have I done?" So he questioned himself, sitting alone in his chamber at midnight. He seemed to awaken as from a dream. "What have I done! Do I really love this girl?"

It was as the touch of a spear, that question, quickening all things of his soul into the keenest perceptive life. "Do I really love her?" What a query for such a moment! And now, unfolding to his inner sight, there stood before him, like a picture, a clear image of himself as to character, aims, aspirations and intentions, and, at the same time an obscure, yet not to be misapprehended image of Alice May, as she had so far revealed to him the quality and purposes of her life. The groan that escaped his lips was a sad prophecy for the future.

An intimate friend to whom Deering communicated a few days later, the fact of his engagement with Alice, said, in the unreflecting surprise of the moment:

"Oh, no! You're jesting!"

"I'm in earnest," was replied.

"You mean Adaline Penrose. She's the only girl in this neighborhood that you ought to marry."

The crimsoning face Deering could not conceal, betrayed to his friend the secret he would have hidden from all the world.

"Are you really engaged to Miss May?" asked the friend, soberly.

"I am," was as soberly answered.

The young men looked at each other for some moments in silence.

"Alice May is a charming girl," said the friend, breaking the unpleasant silence; though I should never have picked her out for you. But love is a queer thing. I wish you much happiness, my friend; and you'll have it, I doubt not."

"Time that proves all things will show," an-

swered Deering, in a tone his friend did not soon forget. He understood its meaning better, when not long afterwards it found its way into village gossip, that Deering had first offered himself to Miss Penrose and been rejected. Everybody was surprised, for everybody had picked these two out for each other, and had been wondering at Deering for his preference of Alice May over Adaline Penrose. Conjecture worried itself, of course, over the maiden's reason for declining the hand of Deering, the "best catch," as some said, in the neighborhood; but none divined the cause.

Dr. Penrose was seriously disappointed. His daughter's objection seemed to him frivolous—almost whimsical. It would lie against nearly every young man of good position in the neighborhood. He had hoped that the renewed attentions of Deering, and the pleadings of Adaline's own heart, would sweep away the impediment her fancy had thrown up. But when it became known to him that Deering, instead of renewing his suit, had offered himself to the daughter of his friend Mr. May, and been accepted, his annoyance and disappointment were too great to be silently borne, and in the keenness of his chagrin, he said some bitter words to his daughter that were hard to bear.

"I have no regrets, father," she said, speaking with forced calmness.

"The time will come, I fear, when regret will cut as a sword," he answered, "and looking at what 'might have been,' you will curse one day in your life as a day of folly and madness."

Dr. Penrose was forgetting himself.

"Was it my father who spoke?" The low voice trembled.

There was a hush like death in the room. Adaline broke the silence.

"I believe in God, and in his intimate tender care over us which we call Providence. I believe that if in any great crisis, we look to him he will direct our way. There came to me a great crisis: I looked upwards, and a clear light met my eyes, falling on one path alone, while all the rest were in obscurity or darkness. I took that path, though every step was upon sharp, cutting stones. It led me away from my heart's desire; from the fairest promise of all my life. But I walked in it steadily; and though still footsore and weary in the way, I have in my soul a deep and sustaining assurance that the better angels of my life were with me when my election was made. The burden I bear is heavy enough, father; do not add to its weight."

Dr. Penrose was rebuked, but not reconciled.

A year afterwards there was a brilliant wedding at Mr. May's. Alice was the bride, and Carl Deering led her to the altar. How handsome and noble looking was the bridegroom as he stood by the fair young girl, and made all the solemn promises to love and cherish her through life. Very lovely was the bride; but many eyes wandered from her face during the marriage ceremony to that of Adaline Penrose, and by their looks said—"Better if you were standing at his side."

So thought Dr. Penrose, who felt a new pang of disappointment, as he heard the irrevocable words that pronounced Carl Deering and Alice May husband and wife.

To the solemn ceremonial succeeded gay festivity. Mr. May had provided a liberal entertainment, and soon the company gathered about the tables, loaded with tempting viands, and abandoned themselves to enjoyment. Wine was as plenty as water.

It was nearly an hour after they had entered the supper-room, and a portion of the company had returned to the parlors. Adaline was standing alone by one of the windows, partly concealed by its drapery, her eyes fixed intently on Mr. Deering, who was at the lower end of the apartment in the centre of a group of ladies and gentlemen. He was talking with great animation, and gesticulating freely—evidently in more than wonted exhilaration of spirits. The color faded from Adaline's cheek as she continued to look at Deering; a shadow of pain settled about her lips and in her eyes. Still, she regarded him intently, noting every changing expression and manner.

There could be no mistake. He had taken too much wine. Suddenly his laugh rang out through the room above the sound of voices, and all eyes went towards him.

"Tipsy, as I live!" said a young man near where Adaline stood. Adding, "Oh! that's disgraceful. I never would have thought it of Deering!"

Adaline looked at the bride, who was near her husband, and saw that her face had become pale as ashes. A slight confusion was apparent in the group nearest to Deering, and one of the groomsmen tried to quiet him. But this only increased his excitement, causing him to swagger and talk in a louder key.

It was all over in a moment. The bride sunk fainting in the arms of one of the bridesmaids, and the shock of her white face, as Deering saw the shadow as of death upon it, made him sober in an instant. A scene of

painful excitement followed. The insensible bride was carried from the supper-room to a chamber, where she lay for nearly half an hour before conscious life returned.

"Oh, father!" exclaimed Adaline, catching hold of Dr. Penrose, who had crossed to where she was standing. She was trembling like an aspen leaf.

"I'm confounded," said the doctor.

"And I shiver as I think of *what might have been!* Poor Alice! To die would be sweet to such a wedding-day experience."

"What might have been!" The Doctor repeated these words like one shocked and stunned. Then added in a lower voice, speaking to himself—"What an escape!"

A quiet, but rapid dispersion of the company followed, each one going away with shaded feelings. As Dr. Penrose and his daughter walked homeward, a neighbor who had been at the wedding joined them, remarking, as he did so—"There's trouble ahead for the bride, I fear."

"I hope not," answered the Doctor. "The young man can't bear much, I suppose, and his friends toasted him too often."

The neighbor shook his head, gravely, saying—"It's in the blood, I fear."

"You're at fault there," replied the Doctor. "I knew his father well, and he was strictly temperate. I never saw him touch wine or brandy."

"And I knew his father's father, who was all his life a hard drinker, dying at last the death of a miserable sot. So you see, there is a possible taint of blood, which may show itself in the third generation. I am more than content to have him marry friend May's daughter instead of mine. The risk is too great."

"I hope," said the Doctor, "that the mortification which must follow to-day, will put him on his guard."

"It will be of no use to him, unless it lead to strict temperance, and I see no hope of that, for he does not comprehend his danger."

"Might not a word of warning be given?"

"No. He inherits a vast deal of pride. You know how sensitive his father was?"

"Yes, I remember. He held his individuality very sacred."

"And his son is like him. Any hint that he was in danger of becoming a drunkard, would be angrily resented."

"It is worse than I had feared," said Dr. Penrose, speaking very soberly. "He is certainly the flower of our young men."

"His promise is good; and so has been the

promise of many a cloudless summer day that died in stormy disaster. The little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, is in his sky already."

On reaching home, Adaline went to her room, and did not join the family again until the next morning. Her father observed her closely, and saw that she had suffered mental pain. He made no reference to the unhappy incident at the wedding; but his manner towards her was tenderer than usual.

"Poor lamb!" There was a pitying tenderness in the voice of Henry Welford as he sprang towards the bride, trying to catch her as she sunk fainting in the banquet-room on her wedding day. It was by his strong arms that she was borne to the chamber where she lay for so long a time insensible. There were some present who noticed the look of sad interest that he cast upon her face, as he hung for a moment or two over it ere giving way to her maidens.

Welford had loved Alice sincerely, and on the very night that Deering pressed his suit with Adaline, had asked her hand in marriage, and received a degree of encouragement that was felt to be complied acceptance. Such pure love as a man like Welford could give, it was not in her worldly, self-seeking heart to comprehend or return. Deering was her beau ideal; but then Deering was enamored of Adaline—any one could see that. And so she encouraged Welford, whose attentions grew more and more lover-like every day, until she led him on to the point of declaration. Then she gave herself a little time to consider before giving the affirmation that was on her lips when he spoke. In that time the tempter crossed her way, and lured her too willing heart from the path of safety.

Alice knew that Deering was the lover of her friend, and that Adaline was deeply attached to him. She knew, likewise, that a cloud had come between them, and that Adaline was profoundly disturbed in consequence. "A lover's quarrel that will soon pass over," she had said to herself, believing as she spoke.

When, in this crisis of affairs, Deering called to see her, and put on his most pleasing manner, it came into her heart to win him over entirely from Adaline, if possible, and secure him for herself. "Poor Welford!" she said in her thoughts. "It will break his heart. But I can't help that. I'm yet free of all promise to him. Deering's the best catch of the two, and I'll get him if I can."

From that time she was cold to Welford and warm towards Deering; and in two months, as

we have seen, elected to cast her lot in life with a man whose heart she verily believed was more than half her friend's. Not until her wedding day did she feel absolutely sure of him; and then with what pain and bitterness was the possession sealed! With what a shock did she awaken to the dread fear that she had made the saddest of all sad mistakes.

The years went by, but there were few events in the lives of those we are writing about that would interest the reader. Deering rose rapidly in his profession, and at the end of ten years was regarded as the ablest lawyer in the county. About this time, having been drawn into politics, he accepted a party nomination to Congress, and was elected. During the canvass, into which he entered actively, he made speeches all over the county, and, sad to tell, many times debauched himself with liquor—a fact bruited to his disgrace by some of the opposition papers.

Holding one of these papers in her hand, Adaline, sitting serenely in the vine-covered porch of her father's house near the quiet close of an autumn day, let her thoughts go back to other times, and then come forward again to the present.

Before her inward eyes a picture grew distinct. It was of a woman sitting alone as she was sitting, but not serenely. Sitting alone in her chamber, pale anguish on her face, and lips shut rigidly—not in tears, for so many had fallen that the fountain had run dry—sitting alone, hopeless, helpless, palsied under the shame and sorrow that made desolate her present and filled her future with dread—the wife of Deering.

With a low shiver, as she shut the picture away from sight, the lips of Adaline parted with the sentence—"What might have been!"

A hand touched lightly her shoulder. She started and turned to meet the question—"What might have been?"

Strong, manly eyes look tenderly down into hers. A warmer color came into her quiet face, giving it a new beauty.

"What might have been, Addie?" A kiss from manly lips lay warmly on her forehead.

"A different lot from that which is mine, thank God! to-day."

And she stood up, and laid her head against the breast of Henry Welford, saying as she did so—"My good and honored husband!"

They had been married only a few months. It took a long time for the ideal man of Adaline Penrose, as it revealed itself to her in the person of Carl Deering, to lose its influence

over her mind. She thought of Welford as dull, heavy, unimpassioned, unsympathetic, uninteresting—everything that made him indifferent to her, except as a friend; and when he began to show more than a friendly interest, a feeling of repulsion awoke in her breast. But the native kindness of her heart held her back from doing or saying anything that might wound him. And so she tolerated his advances until he came close enough for her to see something of the inner strength, symmetry and mainly beauty of his character. A little motion of surprise was succeeded by a feeling of respect and deference. She soon found him to be a man of close thought and well-settled principles—of refined tastes and true perceptions; one who never made light of humanity or religion.

Imperceptibly the feeling of repulsion died away and was gone; and soon it came to be a pleasant thing to Adaline for Welford to call and spend an hour. Always they found themes for conversation that did not flag; themes that laid open to each the other's peculiar tastes, range of ideas, and ruling purposes in life. Both were affected with pleasure and surprise at these mutual revelations; Adaline far more than her companion; for he knew of the sweetness and beauty of her inner life better than she knew of his.

After this, the course of things was easy and natural. Respect, deference, admiration, and the love—love resting on a safe foundation. The fruit was ripe when Welford raised his hand, and it fell into his bosom at a touch.

The well-springs of Adaline's happiness lay very deep; so deep, that no storm in the upper air could reach or disturb them.

In the eyes of the world, the daughter of Dr. Penrose had not made a very brilliant alliance. Many did not hesitate to say that Welford was her inferior in almost everything, and that she had thrown herself away upon him. With every natural endowment fitting her to shine in society, she must pass her days as the wife of a plodding country lawyer, in dull obscurity, so the talk went.

Deering was elected to Congress for three successive terms of two years each, and the people of his District were proud of his talents. On leading questions he made several brilliant speeches, which were copied in the county papers and much talked about. Into the circles of fashionable life at the Capitol, Mrs. Deering threw herself with an abandonment that attracted much observation; and her name was often mentioned by letter writers, in describing the

various receptions given by leading office-holders and politicians. There were many in the village who envied her, but Adaline was not of the number; she thought of her with the profoundest pity.

Time went on. Deering, after his third term in Congress, was thrown out in the party nomination. Six years of political life, nearly one half of it spent in Washington, had told sadly on his moral health. He was not the high-toned man of honor he had promised to become when he stepped forth with such a firm bearing on the stage of life. Evil communication had corrupted, and sensual habits debased. Everything about him showed deterioration; both physical and moral.

During these six years, Welford had been slowly but surely rising in his profession. He was not gifted with language, and this had been at first a serious drawback; but to the preparation of his cases he gave such patient industry, and was always so ready with precedent and authority when he came into court, that he was rarely defeated when law and justice were on his side. In several cases, involving large amounts of property, with some of the ablest lawyers in the State opposed to him, he had gained for his clients; and he was coming to be regarded as one of the soundest practical men at the bar.

Thus it stood, when Deering, dropped by his party, fell heavily back into private life, hurt and chagrined by the fall. Soon after occurred a vacancy on the Bench, and some of his political friends determined to run him for the place. Not that he was considered just the man; but as he had lost nearly all his practice since devoting himself to politics, and was falling into pecuniary extremity, these political friends sought thus to pension him off on the people. But some of the people of that region were not so minded. Too many and important interests were at stake. Another name, that of Henry Welford, was submitted, and everywhere received with favor.

Deering, when it was told him that Welford had also been put in nomination for the judgeship, laughed heartily, regarding it as a good joke.

"He'll run your ticket very close," was said to him.

"Welford!" His surprise was genuine.

"The strongest man that could be put against you in the county."

"Henry Welford! You're jesting?" Deering had known a great deal more about persons and things in Washington than in his own neighborhood for the past six years.

"I'm entirely in earnest," was replied, "and you'd better take note of the fact. You'll have to work very hard to carry the election."

"You ought to know best," said Deering, a troubled look gradually settling over his face; "but I couldn't have believed it. Why, there's nothing in the man to warrant his choice by the people."

"Much more than you seem to think. Some of our most substantial men do not hesitate to say that he is the ablest lawyer in the county."

"Preposterous!"

"You must accept the case as it stands, Mr. Deering. If you make light of your opponent, you will be beaten. He's the strongest man, as I have just said, that could be put against you."

"Will he take the stump?" asked Deering.

"I cannot answer positively; but from what I know of the man, I should say not."

"Then I'll beat him!" A gleam shot over Deering's face.

The canvass opened. Deering visited all parts of the county, making brilliant speeches in his own behalf, while Welford remained in his office diligently attending to the business of his clients.

A man who is ready to drink on all occasions will hardly pass through a political contest, especially if he be a candidate for office, without drinking too deeply. Or, in plainer phrase, getting intoxicated. Deering was no exception. Unhappily, his almost daily use of liquor during six years of public life, too often with a freedom that confused his brain, had created a thirst which no single draught could appease. When under any strong mental excitement, this thirst grew intense. Is it any wonder that, long before election day, the charge of drunkenness was brought against him by some of the papers—times, places and disgusting particulars being set forth with wretched minuteness; or that placards were seen in public places, bearing the disgraceful words—"DO YOU WANT A DRUNKARD FOR A JUDGE?"

Such placards met the eyes of Adaline—they were posted everywhere by the leaders of the canvass for her husband, but against his remonstrance. And her eyes never fell upon one of them without a cold shiver running to her heart as she thought of what might have been, had she not refused to marry the man whose words of love came to her ears on a liquor-tainted breath. "Thank God for the strength given me in that hour of deep bewilderment

and sore trial!" How often did these words fall from her lips.

Adaline was sitting alone in the dim October twilight, looking upon the western sky, where still lingered the fading colors of a sunset as glorious as the one that entranced her with its loveliness on another well-remembered evening years gone by. The past was very distinct to her, mingling its threads of incident and hues of feeling with the present.

Suddenly the sound of voices struck with a jar upon her ears. She arose and went out upon the porch, straining her eyes into the dusky air. The voices grew louder, and she became aware that a small crowd of men were advancing along the street from the upper end of the town. She stepped from the porch and went to the garden-gate, remaining there until they came near. Two of them were holding a drunken man, who was in a wild passion—raving, swearing and savagely denouncing some one in the bitterest terms. Just as he was opposite the gate at which Adaline was standing, one of the men, on seeing her, took off his hat and cried—"Three cheers for Mrs. Judge Welford!"

It was her first intimation of the result of the election held that day.

Instantly the words were taken up, and the crowd gave three hearty cheers. As their voices died away, and before Adaline had recovered from her surprise and confusion, the drunken man sprang forward, exclaiming in his mad frenzy—"Ha! Is this the huzzy? Let me have a good look at her! Oh, I remember you, my pretty one!"

He had broken from the men who were forcing him home, and, ere Adaline could start back, stood face to face with her, leering and scowling alternately in his drunken insanity.

Then a strong hand was laid on him, and as he was borne back, Adaline heard the pitying but stern voice of her husband say—"Take him home, gentleman! Take him home!"

It all passed like a bewildering dream.

"Poor Alice!" They were the first words spoken by Adaline, as she stood alone with her husband. "How my heart aches for her!"

Then a cold shiver ran along her nerves, as the old thought of what might have been flashed through her mind. A moment she stood as if transfixed by pain; then, as a great peace flooded her soul, she laid her head against her husband's manly breast, saying, in the fulness of her heart—"I am the happiest wife in R—to-day!"



## SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

BY C.

JOSHUA REYNOLDS was born in the town of Plympton, in Devonshire, England, on July 16, 1723. His father was a scholar and a divine, who was known and valued for the innocence of his heart, the simplicity of his mind, and for his great learning. Joshua was the tenth child of his parents, and on his education much less attention was bestowed than might have been expected from the circumstances of his birth. Almost in infancy he began to show signs of a love of and an ability for drawing, which he continued to cultivate till he became one of the most remarkable men, and the greatest painter of his time. His first effort was the copying of some drawings made by his sister; next he imitated the prints found in the volumes of his father's library. But his father did not encourage these juvenile attempts, nor was he pleased with the direction his son's talents were taking; for he could not shut his eyes to the fact, that Joshua's industry in drawing and coloring, with the rude materials within his reach, contrasted strangely with his remissness in attending to his school lessons.

When in his eighth year, he read a work on perspective with such attention, that he was enabled to execute a drawing of his school-house, on the principles asserted in the treatise. This quite astonished his father, who pronounced the execution wonderful, and began to think of his son's talents with more favor. He had intended him for the medical profession, but now changed his views, and as his son was not inclined to pore over Latin and Greek books, he permitted him to read a treatise on painting. The mind and imagination of the young artist were captivated and inspired by this work, and he made numerous sketches and portraits, which showed progressive improvement.

After this Joshua was taken to London and consigned to the care and superintendence of Hudson, who, at that period, was considered a good painter. He was to receive instruction from Hudson for four years. Here he advanced so rapidly in his art, his heads were so great a success, and he received such immense applause, that it excited and inflamed the jealousy of his instructor, who being sensible of his pupil's superiority of style, and not wishing for a rival, made a pretext for sending him home at the end of two years.

His father's limited means rendered some effort for independence imperative, and during the next three years he employed his time in taking portraits of naval officers at Plymouth. Here he became acquainted with Lord Keppel, Commodore on the Mediterranean Station, who invited the artist to accompany him to Italy. Reynolds had long been anxious to visit Rome, and as his venerable father had finished his life on earth, he could now act on his own judgment, and availed himself of the proposal.

He had been advised to put himself under the tuition of Battoni, at Rome; but on examining the works of that master, he deemed it more judicious to trust to his own perception. He studied with earnestness and resolution, and when he returned to London in 1752, was master of his art. His talents were of a high order, and his untiring industry was sure to lead to fortune. Six years after his return he purchased a mansion in Leicester Square, which he inhabited ever after. It was a maxim with him, that an artist who marries is ruined for life, and he never married; but in order to secure the comforts of a home, he placed one of his sisters in charge of his domestic concerns. He associated with men of letters, and Burke, Johnson and Goldsmith were his intimate friends. He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Oxford. He was knighted by the king, and requested to become his painter, after the death of Allan Ramsay. He was President of the Royal Academy for many years. His life was strictly temperate; he possessed a healthy body and a vigorous mind, and had realized a fortune. He died February 22, 1792, at the age of sixty-eight. His body was laid by the side of Sir Christopher Wren, in St. Paul's Cathedral, and a monument by Flaxman erected to his memory.

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It was but a little sip,  
Just a taste upon the lip;  
But it left a longing there;  
Then the measure larger grew,  
And the habit strengthened too,  
Till it would no curbing bear.  
So the demon *Drink* decoys;  
Soul and body both destroys.

## CARRIE'S COMING OUT.

BY ELLA LATROBE.

CARRIE STEARNS had become a young woman, without the knowledge or the thought either of want or waste. Her parents were in that happy condition of life, which, while it requires "prudence in affairs," as N. Brady, D.D., and N. Tate, Esq., express it, still permits all necessary expenses and all reasonable comforts. Prudence, true prudence and charity are sisters. "Take care of what you have," said an old lady once in our hearing, "and you will save the more to give away." That same old lady could do more good with a skein of yarn, than many a wealthier but careless giver could with a roll of notes.

The prudent and economical givers are really the efficient charitable force in society. If they do not expend so much in their own donations, they economize the distribution of the gifts of the wealthy. And they give time and attention to the work of doing good. They search out cases of destitution, or rather, we should say, that the poor find them easier of approach. Taxation falls most heavily upon the poor. So does charity. The bare-footed beggar child, who shares the crust she has just received with another beggar, gives more, in proportion to her means, than the man who heads a subscription with thousands. The poor are continually giving to others poorer than they.

But we were to tell a story. The mother of Carrie Stearns was one of the ladies who assisted in conducting a soup-kitchen for the poor of our city. Carrie had sometimes been permitted to accompany her mother to the place and return at once; but it was long before Mrs. Stearns would permit her daughter to attempt any recognized share in the work. Mrs. Stearns was "old-fashioned," and did not desire that her children should too early become familiar with the poverty and the wretchedness which are in the world. A child's education requires a foundation of sound principles, discretion and refinement, before she is suffered to come in habitual contact with poverty in its harsher and more revolting features. For either the sensibilities are in danger of being deadened, or the young almoner may put on, quite too early, the pompous airs of Lady Bountiful; or, she may acquire those false notions of pity, all too prevalent, which lead to

confounding misery and sin, as in the same degree, entitled to sympathy.

But at last the time came when Carrie Stearns was to be permitted, for one day, to take her mother's place. No young lady ever looked forward to her first ball with greater excitement and delight. Simple in her, you think? Well, Carrie was a simple child, and we heartily wish there were more like her, in this modern world, in which girls and boys, too, so soon cease to be children. They may be said to exhaust life, almost before they enter it, and become men and women years too soon for their own happiness.

Carrie, in the soup-house, was a picture. She so deftly managed her share in the dispensary of the charity, that poor old women looked more at her than at the soup, albeit the poor are jealous of their rights, and suspicious that they shall be defrauded. If Carrie had given them but half measure, however, on that day, they would have gone away content with feasting their eyes. Yet sad memories of their own former youth, happiness and beauty must have come to them, as they saw the young creature, radiant in health and innocence, and all the more beautiful, from the thought that she was engaged in doing good. Even envious feelings may have arisen in some hearts that day, as the images of other children presented themselves, unhappy, untidy and uncared for. But if, among the wretched applicants, there were any who had such thoughts, Carrie did not know it. It seems sometimes to be an unkindness to the wretched to look well and happy in their presence. But it cannot be helped. Providence, for wise purposes, has decreed that the poor shall be always with us, and if we do not wilfully wound, our consciences need not reproach us.

Carrie's did not. She fed full that day on admiration. She could not avoid knowing that the poor creatures admired her. A sincere compliment from anybody is not distasteful. The beautiful woman who declared that the request from a coal-heaver to permit him to "light his pipe at her eyes," was the most exquisite flattery she ever received, honestly confessed the weakness of our human nature. We all love admiration. It is in the heart of women—yes, and of men, too. Some gruff creatures pretend to be insensible to the good



opinion of other people. But they do like it, nevertheless. And they feed on it; devouring compliments and growling, like a cur, over a bone.

As the hours flew by, Carrie, happy as a Queen dispensing alms, only regretted that this day's pleasant excitement was an exceptional thing; and that her mother was by no means inclined to resign in her favor, or even to permit her regularly to share in the work. A deeper regret—a real sorrow was in store for her. She was to carry home with her that day the conviction that no one can be sure of being untouched by the adversity of others; or hope always to be exempt from sorrow for which there is no cure.

Just as she was prepared to close her day of pleased excitement, there came into the house a wretched object. She was sure that she had seen the man before; but she could not recall when or where. It must have been long before. She tried to think that it had never been. And yet she could not be mistaken. The eyes, the air, the voice, the smile—although but the wretched ghost of a smile now—all seemed familiar to her. Only the matted hair, the swollen face, the tottering steps, and the disordered clothing seemed strange. She turned to go away, as if from a horrid vision. The other lady present was just then engaged, and seeing nothing in the man but one of the miserales to whom they were accustomed, said—"Do please attend to him, Miss Carrie."

Oh, the wreck, the fearful wreck that indulgence of an evil appetite can make of all that is fair, and strong, and hopeful! We need not attempt a description. The original has been before us all; and imagination cannot draw any picture which can exceed the reality.

The man was respectful. He was humble, even oppressively so. He scarcely looked up when he made his acknowledgments. Taking up the bowl with a hand that so trembled as to make it uncertain whether he could reach his mouth, he swallowed the contents greedily, and shuffled out of the place, without looking back at the ladies.

Carrie sank into a chair almost fainting. "What is the matter?" asked her companion. "You will make a poor dispenser of charity, if your feelings master you at such a sight as that. And yet there have been many objects better deserving of your sympathy here to-day, than that wretched inebriate."

"Who is he?" asked Carrie.

"I do not know. I do not think he was ever here before. I never noticed him, at any rate.

But cheer up, child! If you are so faint-hearted your mother must never send you here again. And we have had such an interesting day."

Poor Carrie went home with a weight at her heart, with which she felt she could intrust no one. But a mother's quick eye could not be deceived.

"You look ill, Caroline."

"I am tired, very tired, mother."

"More than that, my child, I know! What strange thing can have happened to you?"

Carrie seated herself on the floor, at her mother's feet and burying her face in her mother's lap, made no reply for a few moments, except to sob out her strange grief, and thus relieve her heart. Mrs. Stearns asked no questions. She wondered, indeed, what could ail the child; but she knew that, without questioning, the secret of her grief would soon be told. She was sure it was no childish whim; for Carrie was sensible and womanly beyond her years, while she still retained all the modesty of girlhood, and the frankness of a daughter. And she knew it could be nothing with which her conscience reproached her; for she was the soul of ingenuous innocence.

As the twilight deepened, Carrie raised her head, still keeping her seat at her mother's knee. Mrs. Stearns watched, with affectionate interest, her pensive, perplexed countenance, as the glow from the grate sparkled in her moist eyes, and deepened the shadows around them. And so they sat some time in silence, the mother waiting to hear, the daughter waiting to speak. At length Carrie found her tongue, and described the wretched tottering figure, and the strange impression which his presence made upon her. And she added—"Oh, mother, I am sure that the hand that trembled so was Uncle James's, for I never can forget that hand. So many times as I played with him, long ago; and he used to tell me to strike his hand with mine. The harder I struck, the louder he laughed, and the more I was punished, in playing that I was punishing him. It is a foolish trifle to remember. But oh, to-day, to see that hand shaking, as it clutched a bowl of charity soup!"

"I fear—indeed I have no doubt—that the man you described is your father's brother."

"But I thought he went away, and died."

"He left us, with sad misgivings on our part, for his future. And our fears were too terribly realized. You were but a child, then. He was very fond of you, and so were you of him. News soon reached us of the verification of our worst fears. Of course we did not communicate

such things to a child who used to rhyme the name of her uncle all day at her play, and talk of his return, as the happy event of her future. Your father wrote, but to no purpose. He requested his business correspondents to look after him. He even made more than one journey himself to endeavor to find and to reclaim him. But all availed nothing. At last all correspondence ceased between the brothers, and James became to us as one dead. And so we permitted you to think of him. There was nothing in our manner, when we cautiously spoke of him before you, which could lead to any thought on your part, except that he was literally dead, as we knew he was morally.

"For several years we have heard nothing from him. And had I supposed it possible, my dear daughter, that you would have had such a melancholy encounter to-day, nothing could have induced me to permit you to take my place."

"But certainly, mother, I am old enough now to be treated no longer as a child."

Carrie had risen. Her fine and erect figure, and the kind but firm tone of her voice, gave the mother the first distinct revelation that her daughter could no longer be shielded, as she had been, from knowledge of the evil that is in the world. She, too, must now meet life's burdens, and face its sorrows.

"I am afraid you have reached the years when you must act for yourself, Carrie," said Mrs. Stearns, with a sigh. "But you will never despise a mother's counsel."

"Never, my dear mother, never!" And Carrie threw herself into her mother's arms, and nestled there like a child, indeed. "Only let me *know*, that I may see how to *help*."

Father's step was heard in the passage. It was the signal for lighting the room. The shutters were closed, and after the little bustle of his welcome was over, he looked on his wife and daughter, and needed not to be told that something unhappy had marred their comfort.

"What has happened?" he asked, in a tone of anxiety, yet with a manner which indicated that he was not altogether unprepared for their answer.

"Carrie has seen your brother to-day."

"And so have I," he said, with a sigh.

The manner of Carrie's meeting was then communicated to him. He seemed anxious, in his daughter's presence, to change the subject.

"It is unnecessary—it is impossible—it is undesirable to conceal anything from Carrie any longer," said Mrs. Stearns. "And I have told her all."

"He called at the store to-day," said Mr. Stearns. "I knew too well his wretched face. I passed out at the side door, and directed the clerk to say I was absent if he inquired for me. I did not return; nor have I seen him since."

"Oh, father!" cried Carrie, "and where will he lodge to-night?"

"Where has he lodged in all the nights since he ruined and debased himself, and disgraced us all? One night more or less in the station-house or the street is nothing to such a miserable outcast!" The frame of Mr. Stearns shook with anguish as he spoke.

There was a painful silence for some moments. Carrie was the first to break it. "He will come to you again to-morrow, father."

Mr. Stearns shuddered, as if, of all terrible visitations, he could conceive no worse.

"And you must bring him home!"

Mr. Stearns looked in blank astonishment at his daughter. The experience of one day had made a woman of her; and she met his look with a calm adherence to the word she had spoken—"Bring him home!" Mr. Stearns turned to his wife, but neither from her face was the idea "impossible!" reflected, as he supposed it would be.

Just then the servant summoned them to dinner. "Say no more," whispered the mother to Carrie as they passed out.

Of course the conversation could not be kept up on such a subject before the servant. But Carrie's heart leaped as she saw in her father's course what to her was just the silent continuation of the conversation which she could have wished. The "glass" which had always heretofore accompanied her father's late dinner went untasted. Her quick appreciation of his motives led her to the most confident expectations that the effort was certainly to be made to restore her uncle to his friends and place. We may add here that Carrie never saw again that dangerous part of the table furnishing, against which she would long ago have protested but for her reverence for her father.

Minds pre-occupied, especially when harassed with an unformed decision, leave little play for the appetite. But Carrie saw that her father recovered himself; and she rightly judged that his mind had reached a conclusion. She was sure that it was a good one. And sympathy with the hope that her face expressed soon enlivened all. The dinner did not fail of receiving justice at the last. In the evening, with delicate tact, Carrie managed to let her parents converse without the embarrassment of being overheard. And when she retired to

rest, her evening devotions were earnest and thankful. For she was sure that she should have a blessing to be grateful for in the future.

The next day passed quietly. Both ladies remained indoors. There were callers, and they were entertained; but if any of them knew what occupied the thoughts of mother and daughter, nobody alluded to the subject. Over-wise people scoff at "small talk." It saves, however, many times, "large talk," which would be a great deal more objectionable.

The twilight hour was an anxious time both to Carrie and her mother. Their quick ears detected that with the familiar step there was another. They welcomed, with open hearts and hands, Uncle James, "clothed and in his right mind." Not that he was not shattered, nerveless, trembling. But he had recovered much through the day by his brother's kindness, and the, to him, unwonted comforts of a gentleman's toilet. With the most careful delicacy he was entertained; but the welcome to a returning prodigal could not be wholly disguised. And when they returned to the parlor after dinner, and the door was closed, James Stearns lifted up his voice and wept.

Carrie's father, who could, or who fancied that he could, have continued his moderate indulgence with perfect safety, denied himself for his brother's sake. And he took care that his brother should understand that he was doing so. He asked that he, to whom indulgence was certain death, should promise the like abstinence. James made the promise. So far he has kept it. And we trust he always will.

Carrie Stearns, happy in the restoration of her uncle, rejoices that her father, for himself no less than others, has taken the wise course; for she has learned what terrible family tragedies may be indicated by the wretched aspect of the recipients of public charity. And she thanks the mother who saved to her an unclouded childhood, to which she can look back when the daily knowledge of the evil world affects her. For she knows now why of children it is said, "Of such are the kingdom of Heaven."

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MAKE no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquillity of mind.

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YOUR character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

VOL. XXXII. 2

## TOWARDS THE SUNSHINE.

BY M. B. F.

DARK and chill the night is round us,  
Dimly burn the stars o'erhead,  
Close beside us gasp the dying,  
All around us are the dead.

Cries of anguish, peals of laughter,  
Music's passion breathing strain  
Mingle with love's tender accents,  
Shrieks of fear and moans of pain.

Perils follow all our footsteps,  
Dangers threaten us ahead,  
And so dark the way before us  
That we know not where we tread.

Mighty mountains tower above us,  
Giant rocks obstruct the path,  
And we hear the rush of waters  
Roaring madly in their wrath.

Tender feet are torn and bleeding,  
Young hearts fainting by the way,  
Loving arms are clinging to us,  
Trembling lips for guidance pray.

Soft the twilight veiled the landscape  
When we left the flowery land,  
Named by angels Land of Childhood,  
By sweet summer breezes fanned.

Turned our faces from its beauty  
Towards the flashing southern star,  
And began our weary journey  
To the sunshine shore afar.

Sick with terror, weak and toilworn,  
*Can we reach it? must we fail?*

In despair the words are falling  
From our lips, with anguish pale.

Hark! back from the far off distance  
Come the voices, firm and clear,  
Of the brave, stout-hearted pilgrims,  
Victors over doubt and fear.

They have upward toiled and struggled  
To some lofty mountain height,  
And shout to us to press onward,  
For they see the land of light!

Clasp the clinging hands more closely,  
Whisper words of hope and cheer,  
Keep thy faith-lamp brightly burning,  
For our journey's end is near.

Near, yet mountains are before us,  
Swollen waters dark and wide—  
All our hope and strength of purpose,  
All our courage will be tried.

There are mighty wrongs unrighted,  
There are tears to wipe away,  
Iron chains to rend asunder,  
Ere expands the glorious day.

Far beyond the cold and darkness,  
Doubt and fear and danger o'er,  
Where the sunshine warm and golden  
Shineth bright forevermore.

## THE WATERS OUT.

### PART I.

THREE day's heavy rain, and the clouds heavier and more leaden-looking than ever, as they poured down an incessant torrent of water, save when, with a fierce gust, the wind came down from the hills, driving the rain before it in a perfect cloud of spray, which dashed against the windows, and beat beneath the door, while the old house seemed to shake to the very foundations. I had just come to live at the Mill then—at least so we called the house adjoining the old water-mill built over a branch of the river.

"Plenty of water, eh?" I said laughingly to old Smith, the miller; "no standing still and stone-chipping to-day."

"Too much, sir; too much," said the old man grimly. "The waste water don't carry it off half fast enough. The low ground's all flooded now; and if this keeps on we shall be swamped before long."

Another day, and the waters higher; the rain pouring down more fiercely than ever, pitting the surface of the yellow river, whose waters foamed and churned along, covered with twigs and grass, for every now and then, when the wind rushed through the tall elms that overlooked our house, a dead branch would be snatched off, and hurled savagely into the river. Once a couple of tiles shared the same fate, having been struck by a heavy bough which caught the corner of the house. But a pail placed beneath the spot where the water dripped through into the attic met that disaster; and after saying that I would give orders to the bricklayer to come and repair damages, I passed my cup to my sister for a little more coffee.

"But you surely wont start on such a morning?" said my sister. "It rains more than ever."

"Must," I said. "I promised to meet Harris, and I wont fail."

"But is it not dangerous? Don't you think the flood may get worse?"

"No, my dear," I said. "I think the water will go down now; and as to danger—well, I may get wet."

"But must you go?" said the little, tender, pale-faced thing, that I always wondered some huge he had not stolen from my side years before.

"Must—must—must," I said laughing. "And

now, don't, pray, be uneasy; for if the house is swept away before I come back, you have plenty of stores to last you on your cruise for a whole week, before starvation brings you down to colza oil and jam; and even then, there's the box of candles—I mean the dips; but I would not eat the wicks; and whatever you do, don't touch the composites—arsenic, you know."

"Don't be foolish, Fred," she whispered. "I can't help feeling nervous; the house seems to shake; and I lay for hours last night listening to the wind howling, and the waters rushing past the piles so furiously; and I could not help thinking that if"—

"If the house set sail, and floated down the current, you would be wrecked upon a willow-stump down in the marsh," I said. "Now, don't be a little goose; but occupy your mind with something till I get back to an early dinner—say four; and most likely I shall bring Harris back with me. What are you blushing for?"

"Don't be so foolish, dear," said the little thing with her face aflame. So I ordered the cob I rode to be brought round; and after setting rain well at defiance with India-rubber leggings and mackintosh, I went out to see how the water stood.

It certainly was coming down furiously, and tore along by the sides of the island upon which our house stood at a fearful rate, making the old wooden bridge quiver, while I saw that I must have a small bank of earth thrown up in front of the door, or the water would soon be in the passage, frightening sister Helen into fits.

"Oh, the fishing!" I thought to myself; for I had taken up my residence at Pikehurst Mill on account of the goodly stores of finny prey in dam and pool, as well as in the swift river on the other side of the house; and now this flood seemed furious enough to sweep every fish out of the stream. As to danger, such an idea never once entered my head, as soon after mounting my cob, I trotted over the echoing wooden bridge, and then went splashing along the swimming road till it turned up the hill; and then, as I rode along the crest towards the town—the pleasant ride where I had so often watched the meanderings of the silver river—I was almost startled at seeing the extent to which the flood had extended—meadows and

fields, far and wide, were under water, with farms here and there, like islands in a willow-pollard-dotted lake; while the river itself could be traced more by the rushing water than by the trees which grew upon its sides.

The man at the turnpike was full of news of the mischief done—sheep drowned, pigs swept away, and how that a farmer, trying to cross the ford in his gig, had lost his life; but he was not quite sure whether it was the farmer or the horse.

I had a six-miles' ride to the town, where I executed various little commissions, paid a visit or two, lunched with my friend Harris, and then, after finishing our business consultation, he walked with me down to the hotel where I had left my horse.

"By Jove! how the water's up," said Harris, as we neared the bridge which crossed the navigable part of the river; and well he might exclaim, for, as we neared a crowd, we saw a couple of heavily laden barges float swiftly along, with bows apparently on a level with the crown of the one-arched iron bridge; then there was a shriek and a rush, as those who were upon the bridge fled, while, with a crash, the barges, one after the other, came in contact with the railings, swept the bridge away, and then slowly forging round, were wrecked, as it were, among the ruins, forming a dam right across the narrow river—a barrier which grew stronger every moment, with the boats, timber, and fragments brought down by the fierce stream; till, leaping and breasting in vain at this obstacle in its career, the swollen river dashed right and left along the river street, flooding houses, running into cellars, and doing incalculable mischief in a few minutes.

"She's risen a foot an hour ever since ten o'clock," a man said close by my elbow; and as I started and changed color, Harris caught my arm, and whispered eagerly: "Will all be safe at home?"

"Come on," I said huskily; for it now struck me that I had treated the flood in too cavalier a manner, and that, after all, the Mill, if not in danger, would be so far flooded as to drive its inmates up stairs, and frighten them almost to death. But I had no occasion to hurry my friend, for he was in the hotel yard before I was, and I heard him order a horse to be saddled as well as mine.

"Where to, sir?" said the head-hostler.

"Pikehurst Mill," said my friend hurriedly.

I did not speak, but I was so glad of the friendly act that I gave Harris's hand a warm

squeeze, one which he returned in a way that showed how thoroughly we understood one another.

"For Heaven's sake, be smart, men!" I said, as the second hostler brought out one horse saddled, the other man having disappeared into the house: but he now returned with the landlord, who said to Harris in a quiet, respectful way: "Impossible to get to the Mill this afternoon, sir. Can't, with justice to myself, let a horse of mine go, sir."

"What?" shouted Harris fiercely.

"Why, sir, the beast would be drowned, certain sure, if you attempted it. But you don't mean the mill itself, do you sir?"

"Never mind, Harris," I said, for I was mounted—"I'll go on."

"Stop! for God's sake, stop!" he shouted.

"Here, Mr. Ellis, what's your horse worth?"

"Thirty pounds to me sir," said the man.

"I'll pay you that if I injure the beast," said Harris eagerly. Now saddle it quickly."

"And suppose you don't—don't get back, sir?" said the man ominously. "If you'll take my advice, you'll both of you stop here, or else go in a boat."

Harris's reply was to run into the bar, seize pen, ink, and paper, and write a promissory note for the amount named, which he thrust into the landlord's hands; and the next minute we were clattering down the street towards the old stone bridge, which we crossed just in time, for, half an hour after, a pier gave way from the fearful pressure, and a side-arch crumbled into the running flood.

All the lower parts of the town were under water; and the cold sweat rose upon my forehead as I saw that two or three houses had regularly sunk down into the current; while in dozens of places, people were being taken out of the upper windows into carts and boats; for I thought of the Mill, and the mighty stream beating upon the great pile at the island-head; while remembering the fate of the iron bridge, in the town street, I trembled for the old, frail wooden bridge, and wondered whether, if it were swept away, the horses would swim the current, for now, in our slow progress, with the water, in some places, above their girths, they snorted and shivered, and more than once stood trembling and afraid to proceed. But there was no mercy for them. Whip and spur forced them on, till we were upon *terra firma* once more, and, side by side, going up hill at a brisk gallop, Harris pale and with his teeth set, answering my every remark with a monosyllable, as he pressed on



till we were high above the watery waste, and could now see the ruin and devastation around.

## PART II.

Everywhere water—rushing water—eddyding water—water covered with ruins; portions of haystacks, heaps of straw, here floating slowly down the mighty stream, there grounding, and then turning as if upon an axis, till floated off once more, and continuing their course. Now and then, we could make out swimming animals, and more than once carcasses; whilst in several places, cattle stood upon ever-lessening islands, lowing dismally. Carts, fagots, planks, thatch from cottages, fences, and now and again, huge trees, torn out of the banks, floated down the stream; while the height to which the water had risen since I left home, made my heart sink as we pressed on.

"Don't spare him," I shouted to Harris as his horse refused to cross a lane along which the water rushed fiercely and deeply enough to take my cob right off his legs for a minute; but he swam boldly till he touched bottom again. But my words were unnecessary, for at the same moment the frightened beast leaped into the yellow stream, and dashed across.

We were now in the lower ground again; but the road once more ascended, till we reached the toll-gate, where the man shook his head ominously as he saw me, and said something; but without studying the payment of toll, we had galloped through.

Another mile brought us in sight of the Mill, round which the waters were rushing, and even at that distance, to my horror, I could see that the sitting-room windows were nearly covered. Harris must have seen it at the same moment, for he whipped his horse smartly, and we galloped hard down the long hill, till reaching the valley through which the river ran, we were stopped by the water, and stood looking for a favorable place to try and reach the bridge.

"Better come a little lower down here," I said.

"What for?" said Harris, huskily.

"To reach the bridge."

"Where is it?" he said, despairingly.

I started, for as I looked along the track of the rushing water, there was no bridge visible, and my worst fears were realized.

"Come here," said Harris, dashing through the water to a turn in the road where the Mill could easily be seen; and on reaching this spot, we could see, about five hundred yards lower down, the place we sought to reach, with the waters just covering the sitting-room win-

dows, and figures in the bedroom making signs for help. I suppose they saw us then; but all seems so mixed up in one strange whirl, that I hardly know how the occurrences of the next few hours took place.

Moved as it were by one impulse, Harris and I forced our horses into the water with the full intention of trying to swim them till we could float down to the windows, and then try and bring off two of the endangered lives; but the snorting, terrified beasts dashed back in spite of all our efforts, Harris's horse plunging so furiously that he was thrown, and the animal galloped splashing by me, while for a few seconds my companion vanished beneath the water.

I spurred the cob to where he had disappeared, and the next minute he stood holding by its mane, panting and wringing the bitterly cold water from his clothes.

"What are you going to do?" I said hastily; for he had stripped off his over and under coat, and I could see that he was pushing off his boots as he stood there up to his middle in water.

"Swim for it," he said, coolly.

"But it is impossible, I said, huskily.

"Do you think I can stand still here till she is swept away?" he said, sternly.

I could give no answer, but slipping off the cob, I followed his example, and then, after clasping hands for an instant, we waded to a suitable place for a starting-point, and then continued wading till the water was up to our breasts, when we pushed off, and half-facing up the stream, swam quietly on, and without much difficulty, for we were now in an eddy which aided us a little.

The valley was about half a mile wide here, and quite one-half of that distance was now converted into a rushing, turbulent stream; but we swam boldly on, husbanding our strength for the rough water through which we should have to fight our way; for though we had started some four hundred yards above the Mill, our dread was lest we should be swept past without reaching so far across.

It was fierce work. Every now and then we had to avoid some obstacle—wood-work, tree, or the carcass of some drowned beast; while once I shuddered as my hand struck upon a human form. Our clothes seemed to grow heavier and drag us down, while, when at last we were swimming in the full current of the stream, my heart sank, for I felt that we should never be able to cope with it for long enough to achieve our object. Not two yards below

me swam Harris, keeping level with me stroke for stroke; but in the glance I caught I could read the same thought in his eye, though we tried to cheer one another on as well as we could with that cold rushing water at our lips trying hard to drag us down.

Once I thought it was all over, and I threw up my arms with a wild cry; for, in trying to avoid a tree-trunk that came surging down upon us, I did not make any allowance for the long snake-like roots, one of which seemed to curl round my legs and drag me down. I went under once, twice, and even now I can recall the horrible thundering of the water in my ears; but the next moment I was clear, when, if it had not been for Harris's sustaining arm, I must have gone down in that flurry and excitement, for, breathless and half-strangled, my nerve was completely gone. But on again, cleaving the water with firm strokes, feeling that the lives of all in the Mill perhaps depended upon our exertions, though the stream had swept us far down, and I could see how much way we had lost as we came nearer and nearer to the cottage.

"Turn more up-stream," panted Harris; and we battled on, lower and lower in the water, while, though fighting with the energy of despair, I could feel that we should never reach the Mill, for the stream seemed swifter and swifter as we reached the true bed of the river.

"Fred!" hissed a voice at my elbow all at once, and I turned my head to see the most pale and ghastly face I ever beheld—"Fred, if you ever get to them, tell her I was true to the last, and did all I could. But I can't reach her; I'm about done."

As he spoke, my hand struck upon the thin branches of a willow-pollard, whose head was above water; and then reaching out my other hand, I caught Harris's just in time, for the stream was sweeping him away; but the next instant we were both among the branches of the pollard, resting with the water above our breasts. Upon looking round, I tried to make out whether there was no eddy at hand of which we could take advantage, and then swim down upon the island; but no—the water seemed to bear down upon the house with one tremendous rush till it struck the walls, and then divided right and left, as though embracing the place, and trying to lift it bodily in its watery arms. I could see that the watchers at the window saw our peril; and holding on with one hand, I waved the other in a way meant for encouragement. But I saw a figure clasp her hands to her eyes, and shrink back,

as though in despair at our position, when, turning round to Harris, I asked him if he could manage the other fifty yards that lay between us and the position that should sweep us down upon the Mill.

He set his teeth and nodded; and then without a word darted off with a bold rush that astonished me after the tokens of weakness he had shown ten minutes before. However, I tried hard to imitate him, and followed some two or three yards behind, always half-swimming against the stream, as it swept us nearer and nearer to the house.

All seems now to have been one wild dream of rushing water and howling wind, mingled with the screams of women, as once more beaten in strength, we were driven down almost with the swiftness of arrows right upon the Mill, whose trellis woodwork afforded a secure hold, though the stream beat furiously against us in its efforts to tear us away. The next recollection I have is, of being half-helped, half-dragged in at an open window by Harris, and then feeling Helen's warm tears upon my face as I lay completely exhausted upon a bedroom floor.

But it was a time of peril—a time to be up and doing, for the water was still rising fast, and now, as it rushed past the house, seemed to grow more furious at the obstacle in its way. Had we felt assured of safety, it would have been an interesting though sad sight to watch the waifs borne upon the breast of the flood; but we were in danger, for I could not feel assured that the place would stand the pressure now brought to bear upon it. The lower windows had been early broken in by the woodwork swept against them, so that the water had a clear course through the lower part of the house; sheds had been swept away; furniture floated out; while the greater part of the old wooden mill by the side had early in the fight succumbed, though the top of the large under-shot wheel yet showed above the flood.

Shivering as I was with cold and excitement, I can remember a grim smile coming upon my face at seeing how thoroughly my timid little sister, who aforetime would hardly have stolen a look, now clung helplessly to friend Harris as if protection lay in his arm; but I told myself it was human nature, and began to look out for help. Water all around—savage, living, rushing water, leaping up at us, and even splashing in at the open window sometimes, while step by step it was slowly creeping up the stairs with a strange lapping sound, as it came nearer and nearer to the bedroom door.



There was still the attics to flee to, even if we were driven from the bedroom; but that was not the dread; there was not much prospect of so high a rise; the question was, whether the building would stand. At another time, I should have pooh, poohed a doubt, and talked of the strength of the old place, and pointed to the stout walls; but now, with a torrent rushing through, and every window up-stairs rattling with the vibration, the only question seemed to be time—how long it would be before the place was undermined and crumbled bodily into the water. It was a horrible dread; and even with the strong love of life upon me, I could not help looking with sorrow on my gentle sister's pale face, as she clung helplessly to Harris, with her eyes asking that same question again and again: "Shall we be saved?"

"Come, Harris," I said gruffly, "up and doing; this is no time for fooleries."

I did not mean it unkindly; but however it was taken, it had the effect of bringing my friend to my side in an instant, when we began to look out for a means of escape.

"I dare not trust the place," I said, "or I would stay. Can't we contrive a raft somehow?"

Harris shook his head doubtfully, as following my example, he ascended to one of the attics, and looked out upon the dreary waste. In a straight line, the nearest high ground was about two hundred yards distant; but the stream would sweep boat or raft far down towards the flooded meadows, where the watery waste spread out apparently a mile wide. No help of any kind in sight, neither boat nor barge, though a couple had rushed by earlier in the day, my sister had told me, one of which dashed down the old wooden bridge, while afterwards they were in dread lest it should come in contact with the house. But we soon finished our survey, finding that, unless we could make a raft of furniture and the woodwork of the house, we must keep to our perilous position.

Our blank looks told our disappointment to those below when we again descended, and now our only hope seemed to be the chance of making signals to some one in the distant road, though we still thought it possible that a boat might come within hail.

Night fell at last, dark and hideous, the wind howling through the elms at the back, and the water running by ever with its wild, ravening, hissing cry; the house trembled; the woodwork in the old mill again and again, during the long watches of that awful night, cracked and gave way, portions falling heavily into the

furious river, which seemed to leap and bound, as if rejoicing, sending up a faintly seen spray, and then hurrying on fierce and black as ever. Step by step, the water had risen till we were driven from the bedroom, and took refuge in one of the attics; while the two women-servants wailed loudly, to add to the misery of the night. Light we had none; food we had none; but the old miller, who had hardly spoken since he helped to drag us both in at the window, calmly lit his pipe and sat smoking, with the light glowing in the bowl, to tell us of his presence.

"Tell you what," he said at last, slowly tapping the ashes from his pipe, and we all started, for so quiet had the old man been, that we had almost ignored his existence—"tell you what; we shall have to dive after the old punt as soon as it's light;" when he went on to explain what seemed to me a most hopeless project—namely, that one of us should be secured by a rope round the body, and then dive, and try and unchain the old flat boat, moored head and stern by chains to the posts beside the mill-pool.

Morning, which came at last, though it showed how impracticable was the scheme, even if the boat had not been torn away from its fastenings long before; and faint and despairing, we watched the light grow brighter as the sun rose upon the desolate scene, for it was a bright clear morning.

"Hooroar!" cried the old miller; "here's a boat, sir;" and on looking in the direction in which he pointed, there, sure enough, was a small boat floating slowly down towards us, but evidently held by something beneath the water.

"Dragging her anchor," said Harris, as he climbed out on to the roof, but immediately returned to descend with me into the bedroom, where we stood with the water above our knees, eagerly watching the boat, as it came slowly nearer and nearer. Now the stream bore her off, as though to sweep her right away; then she swerved back again, always checked by the chain which hung from the bows. But at length she became stationary some thirty yards off; for it was evident that the little anchor had caught in one of the willow-pollards, while the boat swung about tantalizingly out of our reach.

Safe or unsafe, our nerves were now so unstrung that we should have tried to escape even on a frail raft; for it never once occurred to either of us that the large elm-trees behind the house presented a haven of safety, if we could have reached them, and climbed amidst

their branches. No easy task, though, for the women with us. So, with eyes eagerly fixed upon the boat, it now became the question as to which of us should try and reach it by swimming. Harris was all ready for starting, when my sister's arms were thrown round him, begging him not to venture; so, almost numbed though I was with cold, I sought for the most favorable window for my exit; and then, after seeing Harris and the miller standing ready at the spot, each with a sheet-ropc in his hand ready to throw to me as I was swept back, I left them all in the bedroom, and with a fierce dash pushed off.

That first stroke took me a good three out of the twenty yards or so I had to swim, and then the battle began. So short a distance, but in the fierce stream, I seemed hardly to make the slightest way; while it was all dead against the torrent. Now I gained a yard, then I lost it; then, setting my teeth firmly, I pushed on again, using every effort to keep from being dashed back. Once I was on the point of giving up, when, with the energy of despair, I turned first on one side, then on the other, tearing the water back in my frantic efforts to dash through it. Two yards off—a yard off—almost within reach—but the boat swerved on one side. Another frantic effort for the last; and then, as the breath came from my breast in panting sobs, I hung with one arm over the boat's side, too helpless to move for a few minutes.

A loud cheer from the miller roused me again, and after several sharp struggles, I succeeded in performing that rather difficult feat—namely, climbing into a boat from the water; and then seizing the chain, I began to haul, so as to set the little ark of safety free.

To my great joy, I found that sculls and hook lay ready for use; and, armed with the latter, I felt no fear of hitching on to the house, when I had set the boat free, and it was drifting down with the stream.

Just as I had expected, the chain had secured fast in one of the willows, and as I hauled, the boat's head came right over the spot. Slowly, though, I found that I was overcoming the obstacle, and foot after foot of chain lay in the boat, till I drew a dark object to the surface, and then, as it turned over, the small iron grapnel broke away, and, horror-stricken, I gazed for an instant upon the face of a corpse before it slowly sank again beneath the muddy current.

Almost before I had recovered myself, the boat was swept down upon the house, and the

chain grasped by Harris and the miller; when, with a heavy freight, we went whirling down the stream some hundreds of yards, in momentary fear of upsetting, so low were we in the water. But we made land in safety; and a fortnight after, were sitting in the old house once more, trying to keep off the effects of the damp by huge fires.

My sister could not reconcile herself to the place again, but, under the name of Mrs. Harris, resides in the town. Yet I have only been drowned out once since; while I can't find it in my heart to leave the spot; for, as the old miller agrees with me, there are not finer chub to be found anywhere in the river; while it is not often that the waters are out.

### REGRET.

BY MRS. M. E. ROCKWELL.

I DID not think so soon to reach the river;  
The morning has been dark, the way was rough,  
The fog obscured it, then the rain beat on me,  
While bleak winds swept the trees with angry sigh;  
My tired feet faltered early, and I lingered  
Too long, perhaps, beside a new-made grave;  
But it is hardly noon—I thought to wander  
A long time yet to reach this solemn wave.

Some rifts of sunshine broke the clouds at moments,  
A few pale blossoms opened round my feet;  
And sometimes from the branches just before me  
I heard faint music, sad, though strangely sweet.  
I thought perhaps the storm would pass ere night-fall,  
And sunset warm me with its purpling gold,  
I hoped to gather yet some spotless lilies,  
Though all my roses blasted in the cold.

I did not think just here to find the river—  
But through the long, calm, restful afternoon,  
To walk with slow, hushed feet 'mong lengthening shadows,  
Some sheaves, perhaps, to glean. It came so soon!  
I thought the day had something more to give me,  
Some song or blossom, some new voice of cheer;  
But here it is—and I am very weary—  
Best, so perhaps—I will not doubt or fear.

ARGUMENT in company is generally the worst sort of conversation, and in books the worst sort of reading.

IF any one speaks evil of you, let your life be such that none will believe him.

## WHEN THE SHIP CAME IN.

BY MAY LEONARD.

FROM his earliest recollection, when petitioning his father for some new indulgence, little Kre Doolity had heard the old, old answer, "When my ship comes in." Ah, this weary waiting! If the breath little Kre had wasted over that same ship's delay could have filled her sails with homeward blowing breezes she must have reached the desired haven years sooner.

For she came at last, just after Kre had hidden his curls beneath the bedclothes. But let me give you Kre's own words. "Some one whispered in my ear that *she* was in, and I ran down to the wharf, just as she was unlading. Oh, my! *such* a cargo! Horses and carriages, velvets, laces, plate, diamonds and precious stones of every kind, and bags and bags of gold.

"Before I could begin to look at it though, it was whispered me to run on board or I should be too late. The crew worked like wizards, for I'd scarcely scrambled aboard when we were under weigh and sailing out of the harbor. In a little time we sighted another shore, and two pilots came to take us in. Their names were William and John. Will carried an enormous torch, forever flaming and flickering, and called a "Wisp." Jack had a good big lantern.

"Such madcaps as they were! They wrestled, fought, danced, parted and joined company again, until I, at least, was fairly bewildered. On nearing the shore our captain steered between them, for one he said was luring us on to hidden rocks, and the other into quicksands, and it was his mind that they were wreckers, and no pilots at all.

"The first thing which caught my eye on landing, was a stately palace, which I was told was our family castle in Spain. It was remarkable in that it changed constantly its form and appearance. When first I looked, it loomed up before me grand and lofty, and of purest, whitest marble; but gradually its whiteness grew dim, until it seemed built of freestone. A moment later, it was no castle, but a lovely ivy-enwreathed cottage, such as my mother longs for. I turned my head but an instant, and lo! it was again of majestic proportions, glittering with a hundred lights, and overlaid with gold; suited, I knew, to my little sister Sallie's taste.

"Within, it was the same; a monster bouquet I bent to examine, turned to a statuette, a

fountain, an Etruscan vase, a chair of fanciful design. Everything was beautiful, but 'transient as a dream.'

"An artist passed, his sketches under his arm. They were *only* sketches, shadowy outlines, chiefly Arctic landscapes, with some cities and forests intermingled. They looked so strangely familiar that I laid my hand lightly upon his, that I might examine them more closely, at which he flew into a frenzy of passion, wringing my nose with a force that drew tears to my eyes, fastening his teeth savagely in my ear, and finally jumping, with great violence upon my toes, leaving me half dead from fear and pain.

"His companion, a rollicking, noisy fellow, beckoned, as if he would whisper in my ear, and when I inclined my head to listen, blew a blast which fairly knocked me over, and then ran on with shouts of laughter which shook the pine trees. I was told I had done well to escape alive from the hands of such reckless fellows as Jack Frost, the painter, and his boon-companion, Captain Boreas.

"I was introduced to a dapper little fellow, called Jack Robinson. He had an absent air, as if he always 'heard a voice we could not hear.' I found that he was held up by the mill overseer as a terror to the operatives. 'Hurry,' they cry. 'Work faster; do that before I call Jack Robinson,' and unless the task is done before Jack is called, the poor laborer loses his reward.

"I met an old salt, named David Jones, carrying a chest, which he called a 'locker,' and into which, with a grim smile, he offered to let me peep; but I turned away, shuddering, knowing that the sight would be worse than 'Blue Beard's closet.'

"I was shown the real Simon Pure, who was so very genuine that I scarcely recognized him as a 'man and a brother.' One overgrown fellow I was told headed the list of those pensioners of providence, known as 'The Lame and the Lazy.' Mr. Samuel Hyde (such was his name) was *not* lame. His only earthly care or enjoyment seemed to be devouring the food with which he was plentifully supplied. To his charge was committed a feathered skeleton, called 'Job's turkey;' but the poor creature was forced to subsist on the few crumbs which

fell from Sam's meals, and even this slender fare was shared with some pitiful looking animals known as 'church mice.'

"A boy dressed in striped pants and starry vest attracted my attention. He sauntered on smoking, with an air of easy nonchalance, an indolent 'monarch of all I survey' manner, though his bright eyes twinkled in a very 'wide awake' way. I noticed a huge jack-knife peeping out of his pocket, and an egg in his hand, from which I inferred that he had been bird-nesting. Indeed when I first caught sight of him he was just 'firing a rock,' as the boys say. This I learned was Young America; he had already obtained a roc's egg, and throwing up the philosopher's stone had brought down the mare's nest. This lad never knew failure.

"I saw an armory built near the ground where it rains guns, and where people look daggers. The guns were, of course, of the finest quality; at present, I believe, needle guns; but the daggers nearly all imperfect, many quite worthless.

"A round-faced, sickly looking individual was introduced as the man from the moon. I inquired as to the truth of the old legend of his premature descent, and of his unlucky friend of porridge memory. He denied the tale with some heat, and said, as for *porridge*, the only fare with which he was acquainted, was green cheese, and a most unhealthy diet he considered it. He said, moreover, that he was very lonely, and asked if I had not read a public statement to the effect that he thought of soon changing his quarters.

"An overdressed female, whom I at first mistook for a milliner's block, until her delicate lip curled with an expression of languid disgust, (too real for anything but life), was pointed out to me as the celebrated Mrs. Grundy.

"But I cannot tell you half that I saw on this memorable voyage; factories for the production of street yarn and red tape; 'another,' who has wooed and won so many heroines; 'one more,' for whom the omnibus drivers reserve a seat; 'manners,' for whom the last piece of cake is left; and the 'oldest inhabitant,' of weather-wise memory; Uncle Sam, John Bull, John Chinaman, and all of that tribe; faithful Jack Tar, and the ultra refined Jenkins; beef from cattle without bones; swans singing their dying song; mermaids, ghosts and sea-serpents. These and much more passed in review, till the eye was weary of seeing and the ear of hearing.

"Where have I been?" I asked, amazed, as

the ship once more entered the old, familiar harbor.

"To a place vulgarly known as Noddle's Island, and a good trip, too," was the reply, in a voice which seemed to grow harsher and more *jangling* with every word, until it fairly melted into the breakfast bell, and I jumped up and dressed me quickly, and flew down to tell father that his ship was in, and claim the fulfilment of his promises.

Ah me! the little waves in the harbor flashed and sparkled and danced in the sunlight, but no sail was in sight far or near.

### THE TRAINING OF A CHILD.

THAT excellent and noble Russian lady, Madame Swetchine, once took the daughter of a friend to bring up. In one of her letters to the child's mother she thus speaks of her method of dealing with her charge, and the extract contains a world of wisdom which, if practised in all families, would bring happiness, affection and rapid advancement, where now the parent sees only indifference and apathy:

"What she lacks, in common with all other children, is self-control, and that is not acquired in a day. I am preparing her for it gradually. Errors into which she fell two months ago would be impossible for her to-day, because she herself has condemned them. Her faith in me increases daily. I court and foster it with all the skill and strategy at my command; and my strategy is truth, but truth with the charm of perfect unconstraint. \* \* \* When I talk with her, I never condescend to her; I place her apparently on my own level, and by means of the habits which I induce her to form, I acquire necessarily an influence which command and coercion never would have given me. The right of conquest is not equal to the right of birth, say what you will; and one must make one's-self beloved and acknowledged, instead of imposing one's authority."

HARD AT THE BOTTOM.—A country gentleman riding in an out-of-the-way part, came to the edge of a morass which he considered not quite safe to pass. Seeing a peasant lad, he asked him whether the bog was hard at the bottom. "Oh, yes, quite hard," replied the youth. The gentleman rode on, but his horse began to sink rapidly. "You rascal," shouted he, "did you not say it was hard at the bottom?" "So it is," rejoined the rogue, "but you're not half way to it yet."

ACTING PROVERB.  
HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

*Personages:*

Madame.	Pierre, nephew to Miss
Miss Jennie.	Jennie, a child of six
Louise, aged 15.	years old.
Adelaide, aged 14.	A Pedler.
	Young Girls and Villagers.

SCENE I.

A WORKROOM.

*Enter, first, LOUISE, then ADELAIDE.*

LOUISE (*slowly and thoughtfully*).—How pretty that ring is, and how well that cross would look hanging round my neck!

ADELAIDE (*laughing*).—A ring! a cross! and why not diamonds and cashmeres? So you are dreaming of jewels!

LOUISE.—And pray where is the young girl who does not do so?

ADELAIDE.—Since Madame has related to us the insane love of the poor savages for personal adornment, and how greatly a love of dress shows a weakness of mind, I have never troubled my head about such things.

LOUISE (*with a sigh*).—You are very happy!

ADELAIDE (*mimicking her*).—You are very happy! with what an air you said that! Come, tell me what troubles you. You have beheld a pretty ring and cross, and cannot get them from before your eyes; is it not so?"

LOUISE.—Heigh-ho!

ADELAIDE.—And if you were to try and persuade your Uncle Darras to give them you, he would only turn a deaf ear to your request, since he would think a great deal more of adding a few feet of land to his meadow, than adorning your fingers with rings, or your neck with crosses.

LOUISE.—And yet two shillings is not dear.

ADELAIDE.—Two shillings for a ring and a gold cross!

LOUISE.—I did not say they were real gold.

ADELAIDE.—And what then! copper? Fie! to cry your eyes out about two bits of copper!

LOUISE.—Neither are they copper.

ADELAIDE.—If they are neither gold nor copper, what are they then?

LOUISE.—A sort of composition.

ADELAIDE.—Composition, indeed! Those who sell them tell us so because they think we know no better. Believe me, you had better go without trinkets altogether, than wear such trash.

LOUISE.—The jeweller told me that if I had

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the smallest trifle in gold or silver, such as a broken ring or an old thimble, he would exchange with me.

ADELAIDE.—I quite believe it.

LOUISE.—But, unfortunately, I have neither, so that to-morrow, at the *fête*, it will not be upon my neck that pretty cross will glitter!

ADELAIDE.—What a misfortune! But come, instead of letting your thoughts wander any longer over the contents of the pedler's box, get out your work again, for our play hour is over, and here comes Miss Jennie and the other girls. Madame will not be long before she joins us.

(*Enter several other young girls and Miss Jennie. The young girls all seat themselves at their work.*)

MISS JENNIE (*continuing a conversation*).—Yes, yes, say what they will, there have never been times equal to the present. Where formerly should we have found a workroom like this, airy in summer, and snug and warm in winter, and a great lady to trouble herself to come and give lessons in sewing and embroidery, besides teaching you to lighten your labors by singing in chorus sweet songs, and reading to you such books as cannot fail to benefit both your hearts and minds. Therefore, thank God for your happy lot, and hasten to finish your tasks. Madame will soon be here, and then, when the day's work is over, she intends, as you know, to bestow, on the occasion of the village *fête*, two prizes on the two most industrious of her pupils.

LOUISE.—Do you know what these prizes will be, Miss Jennie?

MISS JENNIE.—No.

ADELAIDE.—A book, perhaps?

MISS JENNIE.—No; Madame generally bestows books as prizes for reading or writing. I therefore fancy that she will give you something relating to needlework.

ADELAIDE.—A work-box?

LOUISE.—A work-box!

MISS JENNIE.—It is not impossible that it might be what you mention.

ADELAIDE.—Or, perhaps a stock of needles and cotton enough to last one's lifetime?

MISS JENNIE.—There is no knowing.

LOUISE.—Or even a piece of lace for a cap.

MISS JENNIE.—It might even be that.



ADELAIDE.—Now, you know what it really is! Do tell us, we are on burning coals!

MISS JENNIE.—At any rate, there is one thing which loses none of its strength by age, and appears as if it would never wear out.

SEVERAL VOICES.—And what is that?

MISS JENNIE.—Female curiosity!

(*They all laugh and continue their work.*)

(*Enter Madame.*)

MADAME.—Away with work, my children; in the village everything wears a holiday aspect. The stalls are already spread with their tempting array; the shows are all prepared for to-morrow. For two whole days you will have nothing to think of but amusement.

ALL.—Oh, what happiness!

MADAME.—But before you go, I wish, my dear children, to express my satisfaction at your good conduct and industry, and to bestow a small token of my approbation on two of the most deserving among you. Louise, Adelaide, accept each of you this little needle-book. Notwithstanding its modest appearance, I am certain you will treasure it among the most precious souvenirs of your youthful days.

(*The two young girls come forward, and amidst the acclamations of their companions, receive the presents Madame offers them.*)

LOUISE.—I will keep mine as long as I live.

ADELAIDE.—And if ever I have a daughter, I will give her mine the day she is fifteen.

LOUISE (*opening her needle-case*).—Oh! a silver thimble.

ADELAIDE (*doing the same*).—And beautiful little steel scissors and ivory needle-case! Oh, thanks, madame!

MADAME.—Dear children, it is hard to say which of us feels the most pleasure—I in bestowing, or you in receiving those trifles. Now, adieu for the present, and a pleasant holiday to you.

LOUISE (*thoughtfully*).—A silver thimble!

## SCENE II.

*The evening of the same day. The village street set out with stalls.*

LOUISE, PIERRE, the PEDLER.

PIERRE.—You will drag me to look at the ear-rings, and that tires me! Boys do not wear ear-rings! Since you promised to take me a walk through the fair, as a reward for keeping good watch over the goats, why will you not let me go to the Punches, and ginger-bread stalls? See, I have a halfpenny—let me buy a cake, and you shall have part of it. Come, Louise!

LOUISE (*looking about her*).—Presently!—Where can he be? Yet it was here he told me

he should have his stand! I had better have waited till to-morrow morning. Indeed, what brings me here at all!

THE PEDLER (*speaking very quickly*).—Approach, ladies, approach! Emeralds, rubies, and diamonds! Pearls from the east, and sapphires, opals, and amethysts, real cameos, Venetian Mosaic, lava from Vesuvius, red and pink coral, rings, watches, chains, bracelets—unequalled for elegance of design and fineness of workmanship; glittering crosses, producing a marvellous effect on a white throat. Draw near, draw near, you will find everything here!

LOUISE.—It is he!

PIERRE.—Once more, Louise—will you, or will you not, come and see the Punches! Very well, then, I shall go alone. Besides, I am a man—I am six years old, and have no occasion to be led by the hand like a little girl!

(*Pierre leaves her, and runs off.*)

LOUISE (*without observing Pierre's absence*).—It is he! (*She advances a few steps towards the stall.*)—How pretty the crosses are!—(*Drawing back.*) But no, my conscience pricks me; I am about to do wrong! To despoil this needle-case, which I ought to keep as long as I live, of the handsomest part of its contents, the beautiful silver thimble—no! no! Besides, in the work-room Adelaide will take such pride in making use of hers, that the absence of mine would be instantly remarked. These girls busy themselves so much about what does not concern them!

THE PEDLER.—See, See! rings and crosses, crosses and rings, all coming from the hands of the first jewellers in Paris, and at the most moderate prices!

LOUISE (*to herself*).—To be sure, I could easily pretend to have lost it, or left it at my uncle's, or put it away, or—

THE PEDLER.—Draw near, draw near! I can satisfy every one. I have sets of ornaments to suit all purses; and, better still, with those to whom Fortune has been chary of her gifts, I can still find something to exchange.

LOUISE.—The crowd is dispersing; in a few moments there will be no one left beside myself.

THE PEDLER.—Any more customers?—no. To-morrow, then. Good night. Come, this is a promising beginning: at to-morrow's dance there will be scarcely a girl in the village without one of my rings on her finger or a cross round her neck.

(*He proceeds to shut up his box.*)

LOUISE (*hurriedly*).—Stay, look at this; see if for this silver thimble I can have yonder ring and cross.

THE PEDLER.—You wish to dispose of this thimble?

LOUISE.—Yes, yes, to exchange it for the ring and cross!

PEDLER.—But it is quite new?

LOUISE.—It will be all the more easy for you to sell again.

THE PEDLER.—And it belongs to you?

LOUISE.—Undoubtedly; it was given me just now as a prize for needlework. It is a shame to part with it, so make haste, or I may be tempted to alter my mind.

THE PEDLER (*weighing the thimble*).—Hum! a cross and ring for this?

LOUISE.—It is heavy—it is superb! I am certain it is worth more than what I ask in exchange; therefore, as I said before, do not give me time to change my mind.

THE PEDLER (*putting up the thimble*).—Well, then, mademoiselle, take your choice; but the bargain is all on your side.

(*Louise chooses a cross and a ring, the Pedler then shuts up his box and retires.*)

LOUISE (*alone*).—At last! (*She hangs the cross round her neck, and puts the ring on her finger*).—Stay! where is Pierre? (*calling*) Pierre! Pierre! . . . He cannot be far off. Pierre! Pierre! . . . No answer, nor can I see him anywhere! Is he hovering about the gingerbread stalls? No. The shows are all closed, so he cannot be there. Oh, what shall I do?—how shall I return home without him? What *can* have become of him? Pierre! Pierre!

PIERRE (*coming out of the corner where he has been hiding*).—Here I am! I wanted to frighten you for having broken your promise of taking me to see the Punches. I could not find them by myself—where are they gone?

LOUISE.—Oh, you naughty child!

PIERRE.—See, I have saved you part of my cake.

LOUISE.—What anxiety you have caused me! But come, it is getting late; we must make haste home!

PIERRE.—But, Louise, what have you got round your neck! It glitters like fifty candles!

LOUISE.—Do you think it pretty?

PIERRE.—Oh, yes! Do give it me.

LOUISE.—No; (*to herself*) it has cost me too dearly for that—even if that is all I have to suffer on account of it.

### SCENE III.

*The Workroom.*

ADELAIDE, LOUISE, and other Girls all at work.

ADELAIDE.—I tell you, Louise, that in spite of your fine cross and ring, and your pretty

sky-blue silk apron, you were not in your usual good spirits yesterday. You did not seem to know what you were about, and in the dance you made such mistakes in the figures, that you put everybody out.

LOUISE.—You are dreaming!

ADELAIDE.—Ask the other girls, then?

SEVERAL VOICES.—What she says is quite true!

ADELAIDE (*after a short silence*).—So it appears that Uncle Darras, has, after all, loosened his purse-strings.

LOUISE.—It appears so.

ADELAIDE.—Did he choose that for you, himself?

LOUISE.—Is it not in good taste?

ADELAIDE.—Such generous uncles are not often to be met with. Which cost most, the ring or the cross?

LOUISE.—What does that concern you?

ADELAIDE.—Nay, that is not a very polite reply.

LOUISE.—Then why for the last quarter of an hour have you done nothing but torment me?

ADELAIDE.—Torment you, when I have only been declaring that you were gayer than any of us at the ball, yesterday.

LOUISE.—You continue to dwell so much upon that, one would really believe you were jealous of me.

ADELAIDE.—What! on account of your gold cross?

LOUISE.—But—

ADELAIDE.—I should as soon think of being so of your shoe-buckle.

LOUISE.—Adelaide, you are—

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—Hush, here comes Madame.

MADAME.—Everybody at work, no truants, that is as it should be. It is as it should be. It is a pleasure to give you a holiday, my dear children. Ah! I see you have on your new thimble, Adelaide.

ADELAIDE.—Even on going to bed, Madame, I can scarcely make up my mind to take it off.

MADAME.—That is a very natural feeling; but where is yours, Louise?

LOUISE (*blushing*).—I forgot to bring it with me, Madame; that is to say, I am afraid I have mislaid it.

ADELAIDE.—Mislaid your prize thimble?

LOUISE.—At least Pierre, Miss Jennie's little grandson, took it to play with, and I am afraid has lost it.

MADAME.—What, then, Louise, you set so little value on it as to leave it in the hands of a child?



LOUISE.—I did not see him with it, Madame, if I had—

MADAME.—Why then do you suppose him to have taken it?

LOUISE.—Because when he comes into my room he leaves nothing alone; but after all, he may know nothing about it; one of those mountebanks may have slipped in and taken it.

MADAME.—That is a very gratuitous supposition; why, because the only occupation of these people is to amuse the crowd, should you at once assume them to be robbers?

LOUISE (*ready to cry*).—Indeed, Madame, I did not say they were robbers; I accuse no one.

MADAME.—On the contrary, you have just accused both Pierre and the mountebanks.

(*Enter Miss JENNIE and PIERRE.*)

MISS JENNIE.—What do I hear! do my ears deceive me? Accusing Pierre, and of what I should like to know? Your servant, Madame. I was taking the boy down to the meadow, when, in passing by the window, I heard you say that he was accused of something. Young as he is, if he has done anything wrong he shall be well punished for it, I promise you.

PIERRE.—I assure you it was not I who drank your cream; I only dipped the tips of my fingers in it!

MISS JENNIE.—What, sir?

MADAME.—We were not speaking of that, my good mother, but of Louise's silver thimble.

MISS JENNIE.—Her prize thimble?

MADAME.—It is mislaid, and Louise fancies that your little grandson may have touched it.

LOUISE (*agitated*).—The idea has just occurred to me that I put it in the drawer with my uncle's cravats.

PIERRE.—No, no, what are you saying Louise? You know very well—

LOUISE (*interrupting him*).—I now feel certain, Madame, that it is locked up in the drawer.

PIERRE.—Then has the pedler given it you back again, and have you returned him his gold cross?

LOUISE.—What pedler! No pedler has had anything to do with it; you do not know what you are talking about, Pierre.

PIERRE.—Indeed, I do! Do you not recollect, that when I could not find the Punches, I hid myself in a corner to make you search for me, and from there—

LOUISE.—Hold your tongue! this does not interest Madame.

MADAME.—Pardon me, Louise; let him finish what he has to say.

LOUISE.—I assure you—

MADAME.—And from your corner.

PIERRE (*twisting his blouse*).—I saw Louise take her thimble from her pocket and give it to the pedler, and then he gave her—

LOUISE (*coming forward and bursting into tears*).—Oh, Madame, I have been very much to blame! Yes, led away by my desire for a cross and ring, I parted with my prize thimble; and then to conceal this fault—which I had no sooner committed, than I regretted—I was guilty of my first departure from truth. Oh, I feel I am very guilty. I dare not raise my eyes to you. All my companions will call me "the Liar," and I shall blush even before little Pierre. Oh, hateful trinkets! how willingly I would renounce you forever, could I only efface the remembrance of this shame.

(*She hides her face in her hands. General silence.*)

PIERRE (*softly approaching Louise*).—Are you crying about what I said, Louise? Then I ought not to have told what I did!

LOUISE (*raising her head*).—Oh, yes, the truth, always the truth, do you hear, Pierre? Falsehood only brings with it punishment and contempt! (*She seats herself, overwhelmed with sorrow.*)

MISS JENNIE (*to Madame, who remains cold and thoughtful*).—Madame, her repentance appears to be sincere.

MADAME.—Very well, I understand you, and although falsehood is a leprosy which rarely fails to gangrene the heart which once admits it, I am willing to believe that all good and honest feeling is not yet extinct in that of Louise. Her name shall therefore not be erased from our lists.

LOUISE (*rising with downcast eyes*).—I thank you, Madame.

MISS JENNIE.—The cold severity of your tone overwhelms her Madame; this fault, is the first one of the kind with which any one has been able to reproach her, and I will guarantee it will be the last.

LOUISE (*throwing herself into her arms*).—Kind Miss Jennie.

THE OTHER PUPILS (*in a supplicating tone*).—Madame!

PIERRE.—Poor Louise!

MADAME (*kindly*).—Wipe your eyes, Louise, and in future, remember to have the greatest reverence for truth. Falsehood rarely fails to be sooner or later detected; besides, it is an abomination before God! Louise, I impose on you the task of winning, by your good conduct, another prize thimble, to replace the one you have lost.

LOUISE (*joyfully kissing Madame's hand*).—Oh, Madame, believe me, I will gain it, and then you shall see how I will treasure it!

(CURTAIN FALLS.)

## POISON OF THE RATTLESNAKE.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* publishes a very interesting article by a distinguished physician of Philadelphia, entitled, "The Poison of the Rattlesnake," which we have condensed for our readers. The article contains many curious facts, new to all but students of toxicology, the most striking being the anatomical arrangement of the serpent's head in relation to the fangs, venom gland, and method of injecting the poison when the object is struck; and the nature of the venom, and its effects on the animal tissues. Although nearly all the statements in the article refer to the rattlesnake, yet they are true in a great measure of all venomous serpents; our present knowledge of the subject leading us to believe that there is no difference except in the amount and degree of virulence of the venom.

There are but three poisonous serpents in the United States, viz: the rattlesnake, copperhead, and moccasin. The first being the most poisonous of the three, and ranking with the cobra and viper *fer de lance*. The writer explodes the popular idea, that with every year of the rattlesnake's life a new joint or rattle is formed, by stating that he has known three joints to form on the tail of one snake in forty summer days; so that it is probable the larger ones could carry them by dozens if they were not so brittle as constantly to be broken off and lost.

"The attitude of a large rattlesnake," says the writer, "when you come suddenly upon him is certainly one of the finest things to be seen in our forests. The vibrating tail projects from coils formed by about half the length of the snake, while the neck, lifted a few inches, is held in curves, the head perfectly steady, the eyes dull and defiant, and expressive of alertness and inborn courage."

"Let us tease this gallant looking reptile with a switch. He has power to throw his head forward only about one-third to one-half the length of his whole body, so that our game is safe enough. Sometimes he will strike at the stick; usually he reserves his forces, judging wisely as to his own powers. At last, when he finds that he is getting nothing by endurance, he turns his head, and, unrolling coil from coil, glides away, not very swiftly, ready at a moment to coil anew, as a regiment forms square to receive a charge." The rattlesnake

not having the great physical force of the constrictors, will be unable to return on the hand, or reach the body if held by the tail at arm's length. "If, while on the ground, in any posture, coiled or uncoiled, you seize his tail, that deadly head will return swiftly upon you, so that there is no truth in the notion that the snake can strike only when coiled."

"The poison gland of the serpent is behind the eye, on either side of the upper jaw. Here the venom forms, and thence reaches a larger tube at the lower side of the gland. This is the only poison sac. It communicates with a duct about the size of a steel knitting needle, which runs forward under the eye, and then around the front of the upper jaw, where it has a slight enlargement made up of muscular fibres, so arranged as to keep the duct shut until a greater power overcomes the resistance. The anterior bone of the serpent's upper jaw is double—one for each side, and in it rests the stout base of the fang. This is a hollow tooth curved backwards like a sabre with a little forward turn at the tip, which is itself solid for strength's sake, and sharp as the finest needle. About a line below this point, on the front aspect there is a minute opening. If we run into this a bristle, it will appear at the base of the tooth, just where the tube leading from the gland lies against the fang, and is held to it by the folds of tissue which lie in the gums. A second muscle is so attached to the maxillary bone as to be able to erect it, together with the fang, which, when thus ready for use, projects downwards into the open mouth, its convexity forwards. Lastly, let us understand that two powerful muscles fastened to the upper bones of the head run over the venom gland, and then are attached, one on each side, to the lower jaw. Let these muscles shorten, and two things result, the jaws close on the body bitten, and, the gland being abruptly squeezed, the venom flies along the tube of exit, through the basal opening of the fang, and out at the orifice near its tip."

"There are many derangements, however, that may occur to this delicate machinery in the act of striking. The teeth may strike at a disadvantage and be doubled backwards, the venom going down the animal's throat, or it may be ejected before the fang enters, or it may escape at the base of the tooth, on account

of the duct not being drawn neatly upon the aperture of the tooth." Perhaps to some one of these causes may be attributed many of the wonderful recoveries from rattlesnake bite. Also, but one of the two fangs may enter, lessening the danger one-half. If by accident the serpent loses a fang, in a few days a reserve fang—which always lies behind or to one side of the active tooth—becomes firmly set in its socket, and comes into apposition with the opening of the duct.

The writer tells us that no chemical difference can be detected between the venom of the rattlesnake and the white of an egg. It is a clear yellow fluid, without taste or smell, and may be swallowed without injurious effects. A snake four feet long, that had been untouched for two weeks, yielded about twenty drops of poison. We learn, from a series of experiments described by the writer, that this singu-

lar substance has the curious effect of destroying the power of the blood to clot, thus depriving the animal of that exquisite protection against hemorrhage. We also learn that this bland, tasteless venom has the subtle power to pass in some strange way through the tissues, and to soften and destroy the little blood-vessels, so that they break under the continuing force of the heart-pump. "But there are a smaller class of sufferers who perish too suddenly to explain their deaths by the facts which seem so well to cover the chronic cases. These speedily fatal results are uncommon in man, but in small animals are very frequent. It seems pretty clear, therefore, that the venom has, besides its ability to alter the blood and enfeeble the vessels, some direct power to injure the great nerve centres which preside over locomotion, respiration, and the heart's actions."

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### FREDRIKA BREMER.\*

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NO one ever read "Hertha" without feeling that behind it lay an individuality, a force of character, and peculiarity of temperament, which are not often encountered among women. Nor would the remark apply to "Hertha" alone, for Fredrika Bremer has put herself into all her books. Hers was no commonplace nature. Sensitive, endowed at its beginning, her whole life seemed to be almost like that of a caged bird striving for freedom. Naturally impulsive, wayward, and loving, what a training for her was the cold severity of her Swedish home. Listen to her sister's recital of their daily routine:—

"At the time when Fredrika and I were children, there did not exist the same relation between parents and children as now-a-days. Severe parents belong now to the exceptions; at that time they were generally severe, and children felt for them more fear than love and confidence. I remember still how frequently, when we heard the voices of our parents on their return home, we hastened to hide ourselves in our governess's room, or in that of our Finland nurse, old Lena. During the winters, in the first years of our residence in Stockholm, my parents used to be a great deal out in the

fashionable world, and we children saw them rarely except at stated times in the day. At eight o'clock in the morning we were to be ready dressed, and had to come in to say 'Good-morning' first to my mother, who sat in a small drawing-room taking her coffee. She looked at us with a scrutinizing glance during our walk from the door up to her chair. If we had walked badly, we had to go back again to the door to renew our promenade, courtesy, and kiss her hand. If our courtesy had been awkwardly performed, we had to make it over again. Poor little Fredrika could never walk, stand, sit or courtesy to the satisfaction of my mother, and had many bitter and wretched moments in consequence. Then we had to go to salute my father. When we entered his outer room, the footman laid down a large square carpet in the centre of the floor, and placed on it a chair, on which my father sat down, after having been enveloped in a large white cloak which reached down to the ankles. Mr. Hagelin, his hairdresser—a real original—in a light-gray overcoat, then made his appearance with a comb stuck behind his ear and a powder-puff in his hand—himself powdered, bowing deeply and scraping with one foot, first to my father, and then to us little ones. He handed the powder-puff to the footman, who was to hold it, while he himself

\* *Life, Letters and Posthumous Works of Fredrika Bremer.* Edited by her sister, Charlotte Bremer. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

undid the ribbon tied round the pigtail, and then combed and replaited it. After that the powder-box was produced, the puff dipped into it, and Mr. Hagelin, like a true amateur, with a sweet smile on his countenance, his head inclined on one side, stepping back now and then to take a survey of the effect of the powdering process, powdered my father's head and face so thoroughly, that he was unable to open his eyes until the footman had handed him a basin of water and a towel. This ceremony amused us exceedingly, and we were permitted to look on for a short time. When we had courtesied to my father, we had our breakfast, and afterwards went to Miss Frumerie to read and work from nine till one o'clock.

"My mother had laid down three inviolable principles for the education of her children. They were to grow up in perfect ignorance of everything evil in the world; they were to learn (acquire knowledge) as much as possible; and they were to—eat as little as possible. The first of these principles was founded upon my mother's conviction that unacquaintance with all evil would preserve in her children an innocent mind, and accustom them to an atmosphere of purity, which would beneficially influence their whole development. I am grateful for this beautiful idea, emanating from my mother's own innate innocence, and I believe that it has in us led to purity of thought and mind; although, when we came out into the world, we found ourselves painfully deceived in all our imaginations, when one illusion after the other vanished. In order to gain the desired object, we were never permitted to remain in the drawing-room when my parents had any visitors or company—at the utmost perhaps only a few minutes—for fear that our innocent ears should listen to something which they ought not to hear; and we were strictly forbidden to speak to the servants, except to old Lena, who again was forbidden to tell us anything.

"We did not require any incitement to read or to learn; it was our, and especially Fredrika's, greatest pleasure. Within a couple of years we learned to read and speak French, and we learned to repeat by heart out of Madame de Genlis's plays, 'L'Île Heureuse,' 'La Rosière,' 'Les Flacons,' and others, such scenes in which only two persons appeared at a time; and these lessons we took so long, that 'Bonne Amie,' as we called Miss Frumerie, had not patience enough to listen to them to the end. Fredrika frequently knew a whole act by heart, and 'Bonne Amie' exclaimed more than once,

'That Fredrika, she is perfectly intolerable with her recitations; there is never an end to them!'

"The third of my mother's principles—that her children should eat as little as possible—she had laid down partly under the conviction that if children are allowed to eat much they become stupid and slow to learn; and partly from a detestation of strong, stout, and tall women. My mother read vast quantities of novels, and I suspect that the hope of one day beholding in her daughters delicate, zephyr-like heroines of romance, was constantly haunting her imagination. This principle certainly succeeded in making them short of stature, and not too strong; but with the prescribed diet it could not be otherwise. At eight o'clock in the morning we got a small basin—I have never seen such small basins—of cold milk, and with it a small piece of 'knäckebröd.\*' If we were ever so hungry, which happened every day, still we did not venture to ask for anything more to eat. Once or twice old Lena, when we told her of our distress, had given us each a piece of dry bread; but my mother having heard of it, Lena got such a scolding that she never dared to try that experiment again.

"At two o'clock the dinner was always served in my parents' house, and that was indeed a glorious time for us hungry children. We were then allowed to eat as much as was considered necessary. Of the four or five dishes which, according to the fashion of the day, were put at once upon the table, we had permission to eat of three, and they tasted wonderfully good. After dinner we were all assembled in the drawing-room to drink coffee—we children of course only as spectators—after which, at four o'clock, we went with 'Bonne Amie' into her room to write, cipher, and work. My father, who was beyond description orderly and punctual, determined that everything should be done by the clock, looked during the time repeatedly at his watch, and until it pointed at four exactly, nobody was allowed to leave the room, when he went to his own room to take a nap.

"At six precisely, there came a knock at 'Bonne Amie's' door, the footman announced that tea was ready, and we then marched, 'Bonne Amie,' Fredrika, and myself, through the dining to the drawing-room. There my parents, 'Bonne Amie,' and sometimes those who came to pay a visit, drank tea, while we

\* A kind of very thin, hard, rye biscuit.

were looking on, occasionally getting a rusk, with permission to go to the nursery to play—for now the lessons were over for the day.

"At nine, my parents, 'Bonne Amie,' and mostly some guests, were seated round a table in the dining-room covered with two or three warm dishes; but we children had already at eight o'clock had a small glass of cold milk and a small piece of knäckebröd. When we had finished our supper, we went to the dining-room, courtesied, kissed my father's and mother's hand, said 'Good-night,' and proceeded to 'Bonne Amie's' room, in which we both had our beds upon a corner sofa. Old Lena was there to undress us, and always used to hold a long lecture to Fredrika, who preferred running about the room and dancing with Lena to going to bed. After jumping and romping about for a little while, she usually got tired; but Lena fared far worse in the morning, when she wanted to dress her. The old nurse had then to run about to get hold of the little wild girl, who always bolted from her when she was going to be washed and dressed. Sometimes Lena was so angry with her that she got quite red in the face, and then she burst out with what I believe was her only article of faith: 'Ah! *that* will be a nice one when she gets older; for certain it is, that the longer people live the worse they become!' \* \* \* \*

"At midsummer, 1806, the whole family removed out to Arsta. Like all children, we were enchanted at being allowed to go on a journey—such a long journey—a whole twenty English miles! And during the preceding eight days we were busy, every leisure moment, packing and unpacking again and again all our toys and dolls. At last came the happy day, and in three large carriages the whole family proceeded to the country. I remember exceedingly well, that, on our arrival, both Fredrika and I thought that the large, palace-like edifice, with its projecting turrets, its uncommonly high, sloping roof, its high lattice windows, with small glass panes set in lead, and its dark walls, from which in many places the plaster had fallen off, did not look well at all. If we had understood the meaning of the word *awful*, we should certainly have thought of it on beholding the then dilapidated old Arsta, built nearly two centuries before by Mrs. Barbro Akes's daughter, Natt-och-Dag, while her husband, Admiral Bjelkenstjerna, was out in the German Thirty Years' War.\*

\* "Arsta belonged in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to the German order of the Knights of the

"When we had alighted from the carriage, and entered the spacious, vaulted hall, rising through three stories, with its high stone pillars and double staircases, we were delighted, and asked permission to run up and down them, which was willingly granted, as being the best means of keeping us out of the way while everything was taken out of the carriages. We must have been indulging in this pleasure of running up one pair of stairs and down another a long time, for I remember our being very hot and very tired when we were called in to eat our supper and go to bed.

"Now came a happy time for us. When we had finished our lessons at one o'clock, we were allowed to go down into the large garden, and to take long walks in the afternoon with 'Bonne Amie,' after she had had her tea. We thought it wonderfully delightful to run out and play about. In town we had scarcely ever permission to go out. Happy beyond measure were we to hear the little birds sing; to gather flowers and fruit; but as happy as the curate's children, *that* we clearly saw we should never be. One day, when our carriage-horses had to be exercised, 'Bonne Amie' took us for a ride to pay a visit to the curate's wife.

"In the little yard before the red-painted house lay a hillock of sand, and on it were lying four children, busy with large wooden ladles digging out walks and flower-beds. We were so fortunate as to be allowed to join in their play that afternoon, but never again.

"The summer passed quickly away. We read and studied industriously, and were a great deal out in the open air." \* \* \* \*

"When autumn and cold weather set in at last, my parents moved to town, and during several succeeding years we lived winter after winter, each week like the last: much reading, little eating, and rarely permission to go out. Another difficulty was now added to our other

Sword. It was afterwards sold, and became in the year 1800 the property of Axel Laurson Tott, after which it became an heir-loom in the Bjelkenstjerna and Fleming families.—See *Groundrent Book of the County of Uppland*, 1860, and *Tham's Description of the Province of Stockholm*.

"In July, 1621, Gustavus Adolphus assembled his army and fleet to lead them in person across the Baltic to Riga. From the port of Elfsnabben, where the fleet was lying at anchor, detained by contrary winds, Gustavus Adolphus proclaimed his Articles of War, drawn up by himself, and written by his own hand. These Articles of War were read aloud for the first time by the Chancellor, Axel Oxenstjerna, to the army, consisting of 20,000 men, drawn up in battle array on the fields of Arsta. The whole royal family was there assembled on that occasion.—See Geyer's *History of the Swedes*."



troubles. My mother considered it very wholesome that we should be thinly dressed, with bare neck and arms. We shivered with cold. It was probably cold in our rooms, which were large, and at that time double windows were unknown. I recollect very well that often, for days together, we could not look out of the window, the panes being covered with ice."

We are not surprised to learn that this unnatural restraint of such a nature should lead to peculiar developments.

"From seven till ten years of age, little Fredrika began to manifest strange dispositions and inclinations. Occasionally she threw into the fire whatever she could lay her hands upon—pocket-handkerchiefs, the younger children's night-caps, stockings, and the like. The servants complained to my mother, and Fredrika was interrogated. She confessed at once; and the only reason she could give for her delinquency was, 'that it was so delightful to see the flames.' In spite of scoldings and prohibitions, she frequently repeated this pleasure. If a knife or a pair of scissors happened to be lying about, they, and Fredrika too, disappeared immediately. She then walked about alone, meditating; and if nobody happened to be present, she cut a piece out of a window-curtain, or a round or square hole in the front of her dress. She looked very awkward if interrupted in her proceedings. One day, our parents being out, she fell upon the idea of quietly stealing into the drawing-room and double locking the door. Old Lena, suspecting that some mischief was on foot because Fredrika had disappeared, looked for her everywhere, and coming to the drawing-room, which she found locked; she knocked, calling to Fredrika to open the door. 'Yes, immediately,' answered Fredrika; but it took some minutes before she unlocked the door; probably she wanted first to finish her work. When she had unlocked the door, Lena went round the room to see what Fredrika had been doing, and was terrified when she discovered that she had cut a large round hole in the middle of the silk covering of one of the large arm-chairs, and had poked a piece of her own dress, cut out of the front breadth, into the hole.

"With the knife she experimented upon the arms and legs of her dolls, to find out what they contained; and one poor doll had to lose its head. She wanted to find out what was inside of it. When Fredrika had performed any cutting or carving, and Lena was ordered to go and find it out, Fredrika always used to follow her, silently and calmly, as if she had

done no wrong; and when Lena had found out what she had cut and chopped to pieces, and began to moralize, Fredrika walked up to Lena, stared at her and at her own handiwork, turned round and walked off without saying a word. If the discovery took too long, Fredrika lost her patience, and pointed silently in the direction in which Lena ought to go.

"One day Fredrika and I had each got two beautiful figures of French porcelain as presents from one of my mother's friends. Before evening, Fredrika had tried whether one of these figures would break if thrown upon the stone flags lying before the stove; the brittleness of the other was tried upon a load of fire-wood, which the servant was carrying into a room to make a fire. Of course, she succeeded in smashing them both; but this did not in the least trouble her. Another day she came to my mother tendering a penny, the only one she had left in her little purse, asking at the same time her forgiveness for having broken a decanter and three glasses, for which she wished to make compensation with her penny. My mother could not help laughing. Fredrika got a slight scolding, and was allowed to keep her penny.

"Fredrika and I had each three dolls, with very handsome wardrobes for them. As I was of a very quiet nature, and very orderly, my dolls were as carefully tended as if they had been little children, and I felt for them as a real mother. They were undressed every evening and put to bed, and were dressed again regularly every morning. Fredrika's dolls, on the contrary, were often much neglected. They remained occasionally dressed for a fortnight together; and if they happened to be once undressed, they usually remained undressed for an equally long time, and were then lying about in their chemises in the corners of the nursery. At last she got quite tired of her dolls, and I, who used to pity them very much, undertook to attend to them; but I got tired of this after some time, and complained that it was really too much for me to manage six children. Fredrika then made an agreement with little Hedda, that if she would take charge of her dolls, she should have a piece of gingerbread every time Fredrika got any, and also, now and then, a piece of confectionery; but not every time that Fredrika got any, because she was very fond of it herself. Hedda held boldly out for the confectionery, and the matter was ultimately arranged to her satisfaction; but Fredrika undertook to dress her dolls elegantly every time they were invited to a ball.



"Every Christmas Eve, our parents had the kindness to give us as much pleasure as possible. In the large drawing-room a Christmas table was set out, literally covered with all kinds of good things. Each child had its jul-hög, or yule-heap, of saffron-bread, buns, and wheaten cakes, and, besides, plates full of raisins, almonds, nuts, and sweetmeats; and before every heap stood a three-branched wax candle.

"A great number of Christmas-boxes, wrapped up in paper and sealed, were thrown into the room by a masked figure with horns on its head, called the yule-buck. We children ran a race after the various parcels, dancing about on the floor, and great was the delight when she whose name was written on the parcel happened to pick it up herself. That evening was not like any other evening in the whole year, and I never saw my parents so happy as at the happiness which they gave to their children. We on our part were inexpressibly delighted and grateful. All fear of our parents was gone; we only ran about thanking them and kissing their hands for every new present we got. Besides many useful presents, we got also a great number of toys, which afforded us great delight during the whole of Christmas time; but Fredrika soon began making her experiments, and long before the next Christmas all her beautiful playthings were gone."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I have heard it said that Fredrika was not an agreeable child. A child myself, I was unable to judge. Very kind she was always; 'ready to give away indiscriminately the presents which had been given to her,' as she says of Petrea in 'The Home.' In later years I found that her eyes were very handsome, thoughtful, and expressing goodness and vivacity; but the head was large in proportion to the small and slight figure; and the nose filled up a large place in her physiognomy. Her nose would probably never have been so large if she had not, from her earliest childhood, been displeased with its form, and therefore had determined to improve it; but all her experiments to this effect resulted in making her nose swell considerably, become larger and larger, and often very red. Fredrika had, when a child, an uncommonly low forehead. She had frequently heard my mother remark this, and she undertook, therefore, one day, to make it high, by cutting away the hair at the roots all round the forehead. While occupied with this operation, she heard my mother's step, and was as terrified as if she had com-

mitted a crime. My mother, who did not at once perceive what Fredrika had been doing, probably thought that she looked unusually well, and said to her later in the day, 'Your forehead is, after all, not so very low,' and Fredrika was enchanted with her successful handiwork. But in a few days the hair began to grow again, sticking out like bristles. Great was then her distress to find out how this was to be prevented in future, and Fredrika was obliged to walk about for some time with her bristles, until the hairs had grown so long that they could be seized with a pair of tweezers, when she tore them out, root and all. They continued, however, to grow; but Fredrika persevered patiently to pull them out, and produced ultimately in this way a fine high forehead, which became her much better than the low one which nature had given her.

"Fredrika was already, as a child, very inquisitive and eager for information. She wanted to know everything; was very restless, and put all kinds of questions, especially on certain days, which I used to call her 'inquiring days.' 'Bonne Amie' got tired, and told her to be quiet; and Lena also got tired, and gave no other answer than 'saucebox!' Fredrika was occasionally excessively wild and frolicsome, and then again she would dissolve in tears, especially if she had been scolded—and scoldings she got, indeed, and plenty of them, particularly during our stay in the country. There we had permission to go out, and in our rambles Fredrika always managed to lose her pocket-handkerchief, gloves, or garters; or she tore her dress, or came home too late for dinner. She could never learn to be punctual, and in this my father was very strict; although she had an unusually good memory while studying, yet she could never remember what was told her in daily life. She was very anxious to please her parents, and it grieved her deeply that she could not remember what they told her, and to see them displeased with her. Her childish freaks to burn her things, cut her clothes to pieces, and so on, brought upon her many a severe scolding: this was also the case with her obstinacy. It was one of her juvenile faults, as also to give saucy and pert answers, which always irritated my father, so that he became excited and angry, and not able to correct the delinquent with gentleness. But poor Fredrika got indeed so many scoldings for mere trifles, that her mind became at times embittered.

"My mother felt annoyed at all this, and Fredrika always forgetting the reprimanda

which she continually got, my mother treated her rather severely, believing that this would improve matters, and that, as Fredrika had an excellent memory for learning, she ought to have an equally good memory in every thing that was told her. Strange as it may appear, that memory can be as it were twofold; such was the case here, and Fredrika could not help it, that every thing which she was told to remember was forgotten a moment afterwards.

"Notwithstanding my mother's severity, Fredrika entertained for some time a really passionate love for her, and tried every means to please her. My mother was always very elegant in her deportment and toilet; she had exceedingly agreeable manners, and Fredrika's admiring gaze followed her every movement.

"My father was very taciturn and reserved, and his temper was melancholy and gloomy. During the disastrous war which was raging in Finland in 1808, and ended in its being lost to Sweden, he was more gloomy than ever. In the evenings he was in the habit of walking incessantly—sometimes for two or three hours together—up and down in the dark, in the dining-room in town, for he would not have the candles lighted; and we often imagined that we heard him weeping. 'Bonne Amie's' room was next to the dining-room, and as long as my father was walking there, we did not venture to go through it. When tea was brought in at six o'clock, he broke off his walk, but he resumed it as soon as he had finished tea." \* \* \* \* \*

"Between the age of nine and twelve, Fredrika and I studied the English and German languages; made great progress in history, geography, &c., &c., and underwent regularly every year an examination before my father's early friend, the Rector of St. Clara's Church, afterwards Bishop Franzén. He was pleased with our studies in general, but astonished at the progress which we had made in geography. This we owed to 'Bonne Amie's' excellent method of teaching. On the map lying before us, she made us a present of empires and kingdoms in those parts of the world which we were studying for the time. When, for instance, I got France and Fredrika England, we were very anxious to become thoroughly acquainted with all the provinces, towns and rivers, bays and boundaries of the country which we were governing, and this afforded us a great deal of pleasure. But Fredrika always knew all the *produce* of her kingdom much better than its boundaries; the latter she could never remember.

"Fredrika had an innate aversion to all kinds of needle-work. She turned upside down or inside out what she had to sew, constantly lost meshes when she was knitting, and would never take them up. When she dropped any meshes, she did not say a word, but, quick as lightning, she threw the stocking under her chair, and ran out of the room. 'Bonne Amie' used to be very much amused at this manoeuvre. We knew perfectly well what was the matter, when Fredrika, silently and in haste, made off, and the stocking was lying under her chair."

Concerning this unhappy period of her life, Fredrika says, in her autobiography, written at thirty:—

"I had an ardent and enthusiastic feeling for all heroic virtues, a boundless capacity to love and to sacrifice myself with joy, in small things as in great, for the good of those whom I loved; a desire to give, to make happy, and to comfort. Yes, if I could have done it, I would have given to the hungry the flesh of my own body. I loved my mother most tenderly and passionately, and longed, above everything else in the world, to please her. I failed herein completely. I walked badly, sat badly, stood badly, courtesied badly; and many bitter moments this cost me, because my mother wished that her daughters should be perfect, as the heroines of romance are perfect, by birth and nature. This, of course, we sincerely wished to be, but to me Dame Nature was rather unfriendly, throwing all kinds of difficulties in my way. None of those who surrounded me understood how to guide a character like mine to good. They tried to curb me by severity, or else my thoughts and feelings were ridiculed. I was very unhappy in my early youth, and, violent as I was in every thing, I formed many plans to shorten my life, to put out my eyes, &c., &c., merely for the sake of making my mother repent her severity; but all ended in my standing on the margin of the lake, looking down into the water, or feeling the pricking of the knife in my eyeball. Unhappy at home, because I was a restless, passionate creature, without the least of what one would call tact, my soul clung ardently to the events of the outer world. The war against Napoleon stirred within me all my deepest feelings. I determined to flee from home, to proceed to the theatre of war, which I imagined would be an easy matter, and, dressed in male costume, to become page to the Crown Prince (afterwards King Charles XIV.), who at that time appeared to me to be little less than a demi-god. I entertained these plans more than

a year, until they melted away slowly, like snow in water. Gradually my patriotic and warlike feelings were lulled, but only to make room for new ones of another kind."

Of this latter strange freak her sister tells us:—

"She wept bitterly for not having been born a man, so that she could have joined her countrymen to fight against the general disturber of peace and oppressor of nations; she wanted to fight for her native country; longed to distinguish herself to win renown and glory. She felt that she would not be wanting in courage, if she could only get over to Germany. There she would disguise herself; perhaps be made page to the Crown Prince. With her head full of these dreams, and how, to begin with, she was to get to Stockholm, she one day took her little shawl upon her arm, and set out upon the high road to the capital, in the hope that some chance—but of what kind she did not know—might favor her design. She got no farther this time than to the so-called 'red-gate,' a short distance from Arsta. Thence she returned home, unhappy that she had failed in her attempt, and revealed to me in the evening all her plans. I prayed her by all means not to entertain such a silly idea, representing to her that she could do nothing as a warrior; and I spoke of the sorrow which she would cause our parents. But she was not at all convinced that she could not, with the courage which she felt herself to possess, distinguish herself in war; and once again in the summer she set out, trusting that chance this time would be more favorable to her.

"She continued her march about a mile. Here she remained standing for nearly half an hour, in the expectation of seeing some family with whom she might be allowed to go to town. Disappointed in this hope, she returned home. 'No carriage, not even a cat,' had she seen during her walk. A long time did these warlike notions occupy her mind, but at last they gradually died away."

As she grew older, her surroundings did not seem to become more tender or congenial, and the period of romance came. The studies of the sisters progressing, the governess "promised us that at the age of fifteen we should be allowed to read aloud to her some good novels in the evenings, after we had finished our lessons for the day. In order that we both might share this great pleasure, she let Fredrika read with me, although one year younger than myself; and Fredrika was beyond measure happy, when, on my fifteenth birthday, we began 'Les

Petits Emigrés, by Madame de Genlis. We were not permitted to read more than half an hour each at a time, and for this hour we longed the whole day. After having gone through 'Les Petits Emigrés,' we read Miss Burney's interesting and cleverly written novels, 'Camilla,' 'Evelina,' and 'Cecilia,' abounding, however, as I afterwards discovered, in romantic adventures.

"How little profitable such reading is for young girls, especially at our age, and so entirely without experience as we were then, soon became manifest by all the fancies and imaginations which we got into our heads about ourselves and what might happen to us. We only longed to escape from our convent-like seclusion at Arsta. We did not at all doubt that, when we came out in the world, we should become the heroines of romance, and, like the heroines in novels, find many admirers, and meet with many adventures of which we had not even dreamed previously. Who could answer for it that even now, before we came out in the world, some extraordinary adventure might not happen at Arsta. During the whole autumn, I was listening every evening in the dusk, to hear a ladder raised against the wall under one of the windows of my room; and, although the escape down the high ladder might be a break-neck affair, yet I felt a kind of foreboding that, like the lovely Indiana in 'Camilla,' I should be carried off; I did not know by whom—this I could never guess—but the hero would perhaps afterwards discover and declare himself.

"Fredrika had also forebodings of abductions: either she or myself was to be the object; but neither did she know by whom we were to be carried off; she was sure that it was going to happen in broad daylight, on a Sunday, on our way from church, to which we drove, as usual, accompanied by 'Bonne Amie,' to attend divine service. Fredrika was, therefore, sitting in the carriage, looking with eager attention, first to the right, then to the left, to see whether any horsemen would be rushing out of the forest, commanding the coachman to stop. When, therefore, Sunday after Sunday, we came back to Arsta without any adventure, Fredrika found herself greatly disappointed.

"After having been locked up the following winter, as usual, in Stockholm, Fredrika and I felt a greater desire than ever to walk out and take exercise in the fresh air; but how this was to be managed we were at a loss to understand. We discussed the matter together, and it was determined that we should ask my

mother's permission to go out occasionally, at all events twice a week. With a palpitating heart I preferred my request. My mother answered that she did not like it, and that it would not look well for young girls to go out alone in the streets; that if we were in want of exercise, we might stand behind a chair, hold on to the back, and jump. When I came back to Fredrika with this answer, she was in despair, but what was to be done? I proposed that we should begin the jumping that same evening, after we had said 'Good-night' to our parents and come into our room. We did so, and that night I made two hundred jumps behind my chair, resting now and then for a moment; but Fredrika had not performed one hundred before she gave in, began to cry, went to bed and fell asleep, glad in sleep to forget everything. I continued jumping almost every evening, and persuaded Fredrika now and then to try the same, fancying that it did me a great deal of good, which it also might have done her, being deprived as she was of other exercise, but I could seldom induce her to do so. In one thing, however, we agreed, namely, that no novel writers ever would fall upon the idea of letting their heroines jump behind chairs, by way of taking exercise. They would, no doubt have hit upon a more agreeable manner of gaining their object. Meanwhile I found myself thriving very well under this regime of jumping, and continued it this and the following winter. It had the same effect upon me as two cups of elder tea, and I slept excellently."

The feelings buried in her inmost soul in these days, and in which no one shared, are thus revealed in her own story:—

"Like two all consuming flames, the desire to know and the desire to enjoy were burning in my soul, without being satisfied for many long years. The mere sight of certain words in a book—words such as Truth, Liberty, Glory, Immortality—roused within me feelings which vainly I would try to describe. I wanted in some way or other to give vent to and express the same: and I wrote verses, theatrical pieces, and a thousand different kinds of essays; composed music, drew and painted pictures, some of them greater trash than the others. I was brought out into the world, went out visiting, went to evening parties, balls, and concerts, and very rarely enjoyed myself anywhere except at the theatre, and there my soul was thrown into a state of topsy-turvy.

"My nose, naturally large, used to become illuminated in hot places, and, I had almost said, become double its ordinary size, darken-

ing my prospects of pleasure and of admirers, which latter it kept at a distance. I have said it: I was a coquette, and I became more and more a coquette when I observed that I found favor with my parents in proportion as I anywhere or in anything was admired by others. In company I frequently behaved in a ridiculous manner, because it was utterly impossible for me to keep my soul or my body quiet. Thence arose fresh troubles for my mother, and consequently fresh troubles for me. *Du reste*, my vivacity and my *fraicheur*, which, so long as it did not concentrate itself into my nose, was rather pretty, procured me admirers and flatterers, when we happened to be in any place of public entertainment. This was a consolation to us both, namely, to my mother and to myself. A young gentleman, betrothed to the daughter of the oldest friend of my parents, came one day to pay them a visit. He was exceedingly handsome, full of vigor and life. I saw him for a couple of hours and—became enchanted. During a fortnight I felt the arrow sticking in my heart; then it dropped out. Another young gentleman, nowise handsome, but rich, saw me a couple of hours, while I was paying a visit, and—he fell in love with me. With his hand upon his heart, he whispered to me his agony. He tried to get an introduction to our family, but the door was forcibly shut against him by my father, who willingly would have got all his daughters married, but who never could tolerate the face of a suitor in his house. I was then seventeen years old, read Madame Le Prince de Beaumont's works, and determined never to marry. From this time forth there was for me a vacuum of suitors and lovers until 1820, when I was twenty. N. B.—It was fortunate, for the keeping of my word, that during this time no suitor appeared to put my word to the test. Meanwhile I had improved somewhat in my gait, in sitting, in courtesying, and got my person a little more into shape; got the name of being witty; had less love for and more favor with my mother. I understood better how to agree with people, and to suit myself to them. I had, moreover, begun to acquire a certain quantity of every-day wisdom and common sense, which made people entertain some hope respecting my understanding, the doubts and questions of which I tried to stifle as vain fermentations. In 1820 I accompanied my mother and sisters to a watering-place. It was during the third term of the season, and we were therefore alone. A very amiable and chivalrous elderly gentleman and his wife, residing in the neigh-

hood, did all they could to make our stay as agreeable as possible. They had a son, a young, gay, good, and handsome lieutenant.

"He began to sigh for me, and I began to warm a little for him. It was a pastoral moment, when once, 'in the green fields,' I was wiping and scraping some tar off one of my shoes, and when he, with half words and sighs—well, nothing more came of it. We left at last, and he accompanied us to the nearest town. I remember, not without a pleasant sensation, this first silent, friendly harmony of my soul with another's. We parted. I gave him a carnation and a curl-paper, and he gave me a few sprigs of lavender. I cried the whole night after our parting, and for a long time afterwards, I sighed his name in my heart very calmly.

"In order to please my parents, I had labored very hard to get used to household duties. I succeeded, because I had then, as now, a very strong will, although I rarely understood how to give it the proper direction. I also worked and labored hard at my piano, and rose at four in the mornings, merely for the purpose of playing the scales. I wrote theatrical pieces in honor of every birthday in the family; arranged small fêtes, and began to flatter the heads of the family in a delicate manner; in a word, I became a complete courtier, and rose with my parents to the rank of favorite. By means of this favoritism, I wished, however, to get an opportunity of serving my sisters, and I succeeded sometimes, but not often. Nowhere have I seen so many impossibilities for everything, except for very long journeys, as in our house. I wrote during this time some humorous and some tragic pieces, which I believe gave promise of something better; but nobody cared to take the trouble of trying to develop this promise. I had no idea of being able by industry to make something of myself in the way of intellect and knowledge.

"All my actions during many years were devoid of plan or order. In 1821 we worked through our continental trip, and journeyed in covered carriages, and 'toiled on our weary way' through Germany, Switzerland, France, and the Netherlands. For all the treasures of this world, aye, even for the genius of Tegnér, I would not again make this journey in the same way. I will only speak of the suffering which more particularly fell to my share. The desire for knowledge and the desire for enjoyment were reawakened within me anew, all-consuming fire, at the sight of the masterpieces of Nature and of Art."

At length the journey finished, they returned to the old dull life in the country-house:—

"In the long, dark autumn evenings at Arsta, we all assembled in the 'yellow drawing-room.' At ten minutes to six the footman entered to lay the cloth for tea, and shortly after came the housekeeper, who was to make and pour out tea. Our party consisted always of my mother and father, our governess and my eldest brother's tutor, Fredrika, Hedda, and myself. When they all had had their tea, with the exception of us three sisters, who were mere lookers-on, the housekeeper—fortunate woman!—disappeared, and we sisters remained sitting, with our work, at a table in one corner of the room; my mother sat down in a corner of a sofa, and my father beside a table in the centre of the room, reading aloud until supper-time at nine o'clock. My father, who was only interested in classical literature, chose in preference historical works, which were rather tiresome for his young daughters to listen to, especially as they were written in German and in English, my father's favorite languages, which he read beautifully, but which we did not then understand well enough to follow when he was reading aloud.

"After the first ten minutes, my mother fell asleep, and we were often ready to follow her example. Fredrika yawned till the tears rolled down her cheeks; and if my brother's tutor, the good Mr. R——, had not hit upon several tricks to keep us awake, I do not know how we should have fared. But sometimes we were on the point of being found out; for instance, when we were seized with an irresistible youthful desire to laugh, which fortunately my father did not notice, as we were sitting far away from him. Once, however, while we were nodding, half asleep, Mr. R—— happened to strike his hand so loudly upon the table that my father looked up and said, 'What was that?' 'It was—it was'—answered Fredrika, quite frightened, 'the table that was going to jump.' My father looked displeased, but said nothing more, and continued after a time his reading. In this manner we labored through Schiller's 'Thirty Years' War,' Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' and Robertson's 'History of America,' the two last in English.

"After supper we all went into my father's library to converse until ten o'clock. When we came back to our own room, Fredrika often sat down to cry, and, dejected as we were ourselves, neither Hedda nor I could offer her any consolation.

"The monotonous, joyless, and inactive life which we led was felt by us all, but especially



by Fredrika. One year was exactly like the other. We had certainly occupation; we read, drew, embroidered, played scales, sonatas, and themes with variations, and Fredrika wrote both prose and verse, but she wept often and said that nobody understood her. The relation between my father and Fredrika had certainly become much better than formerly; and when, on his or my mother's birthday, she wrote some little play, which was performed by us children, my father was much amused and pleased; and when it was my mother's birthday that was to be celebrated, he copied out the parts himself."

This monotony was varied by an occasional country wedding the details of which are thus described:—

"Almost every autumn, one or more such weddings were celebrated in our large dining-room, with the ceremonies customary in the district. There was something so old-fashioned, so peculiarly mediæval in the costume of the brides, and in the appearance of the bridal-train, that they are well deserving of a more detailed description.

"On the evening before the wedding-day, the bride and her two bridesmaids came to the manor-house with the 'forming,' as it was called. The bride was too grand to carry anything herself, but the bridesmaids carried each a gigantic round pewter dish with wheaten bread, biscuits, tarts, pastry, and a variety of cakes, etc., etc.

"This 'forming' was intended as a present to the Lord and Lady of the manor, but it was always given to the housekeeper, who distributed it amongst the servants. Then the housekeeper and my mother's waiting maid took charge of the poor bride, who, before going to bed for the night, had to submit her head to the following treatment, in order that she might look splendid on the wedding-day, namely: her hair was parted across the head from ear to ear; the hair on the back of the head was then braided into eighteen narrow plaits; the hair on the front of the head was cut off in such a manner, that what remained of it was barely long enough to be laid in curl-papers, which were afterwards pinched with curling tongs. The French proverb, 'Il faut souffrir pour être belle,' was verified here; for the wretched bride was always sleepy, and sat nodding, and got the headache from this troublesome and unusual process, long before she was allowed to retire to her bed. If a word of pity was spoken to her, she always answered, 'Oh, I shall get used to it by and by.'

"Late at night the bride went to bed, and the following morning she had to be up early, in order to be dressed in her bridal costume by one o'clock, when the clergyman, after the close of the morning service, was to come to Arsta to perform the marriage ceremony. After having strengthened her nerves with some wine and other refreshments, the toilet commenced. The eighteen plaits were combed out, so that they fell in curls, like a cascade, down her back; the curl-papers were removed, and the whole of the front hair was dressed so that it stood straight up all round the forehead, which was left free. This head-dress was then powdered and adorned with all kinds of tinsel, pieces of cut and colored glass set in brass—so-called Falu jewels—gilt leaves, buds of flowers, the more the better. Behind this high head-dress was laid a small cushion, and upon it was fixed the bridal-crown, made of silver-gilt, and very heavy, which, on the morning of the wedding-day, had solemnly been brought to Arsta from the church by the bridegroom, accompanied by two of his *svenner*, or bridegroom's men. On one side of the crown were then fixed three long ostrich feathers, standing straight up, one of which was white, one blue, and one red. And now the bride's head was dressed! If the bride was good-looking which sometimes happened to be the case, she then looked very grand in this costume.

"Then the bridal robe was put on. It was one of my mother's cast-off black silk dresses, which had lost its original *fraicheur*, and had now been renovated and trimmed all round the bottom with a broad gold band. The sleeves, which in two divisions reached down to the elbows, were trimmed with very smart black lace, exactly as one sees it in old portraits. A berthe or cape of black lace was fastened to the dress round the neck, and a large bouquet of natural flowers from the greenhouse was fastened in the front of the bride's dress. Two or three chains were hung round her neck, and a gold band encircled her waist by way of sash. But now comes the drollest part of the whole costume. To this sash were tied all the bridegroom's presents, consisting of a black silk neckerchief; one or two cotton ditto; a white handkerchief for the head, embroidered with colored cotton thread; one or two pairs of gloves, etc., etc. All these things were hanging straight down her dress, so that the body looked like an itinerant clothes-shop; whereas her head looked as if it had belonged to a queen of the Middle Ages.

"The Psalm-book, which was also one of the



bridegroom's presents, was held in her left hand, together with a white pocket-handkerchief spread out, and so large that it looked like a towel.

"When the bride and the bridesmaids at last were ready, the latter dressed in white, with enormous bouquets of artificial flowers, not always of the prettiest, but full of gold tinsel, stuck in their bosoms, they were conducted to the upper story, in order that the bride might admire herself in the pier-glasses in the large drawing-room, and there she wandered about a good while from one glass to the other, and thought that she was 'cruelly grand.'

"There was a popular belief in our parish that the one, of those who were going to be united for life, who first should catch a glimpse of the other before the ceremony, would be the one who should afterwards obtain the sway in the house. We sisters were of course very anxious that the bride should first catch a glimpse of the bridegroom; but nobody was more anxious about this than Fredrika, and she always stood on the lookout, that she might call the bride when she saw the bridegroom with his train riding up.

"This train of bridegroom's men, all on horseback, was most amusing to look at. It was headed by two musicians playing the violin, who had the greatest difficulty in the world to manage their horses, which seemed to be the case more or less with all the equestrians, as the horses dashed hither and thither during their cavalcade up to the courtyard. When they were assembled there, and the riders had got off their steeds, and the female part of the assemblage had alighted from their vehicles, and they all had entered the large hall, the bride, who a short time before had gone down into the housekeeper's room with her bridesmaids, made her appearance, giving her hand to her future husband, courtesying to him at the same time. Two processions were then formed: a fiddler scraping his violin, preceded the male procession, which was headed by the bridegroom, with a large bouquet of artificial flowers stuck on his breast, and followed by his groomsmen, all with smaller bouquets, and by a number of other people; the other fiddler led the female procession, which was headed by the bride and her bridesmaids. Each procession walked up a separate flight of stairs to the upper story, to the accompaniment of music; and the fine large hall with its granite columns and double flight of stairs, all crowded with people, presented a grand appearance. The crowd then entered the dining-

room, where, as soon as the clergyman arrived, my parents and we children made our entrance, saluting the company.

"After the ceremony, my parents, in going up to the newly-married couple to congratulate them, gave the signal to all the rest to do the same, and then began a bowing and scraping and courtesying that seemed as if it would never come to an end, and was very amusing to behold. Thereupon my parents sent round wine, cakes, and sweetmeats, for which the guests returned thanks to us by innumerable bows and courtesies.

"Finally, the whole company marched off and went to the house of the bride's parents to eat, drink, and dance. The festivities often lasted for a whole week.

"One of the brides who was dressed and married at Arsta this autumn had a complexion dark as a gypsy. While dressed in her bridal costume, and looking at herself in the pier-glass in the drawing-room, she said: 'I don't know what can be the reason that I am so red in the face! Sure I am that I have done everything to get white. Every time I was washing linen at home, I scrubbed myself with soap-lye, and then laid myself down beside the linen on the bleaching-ground in the sunshine, and I have done it many times besides; but it has been of no use.' I do not remember whether any of us had the heart to tell her that she and the linen could not be bleached by one and the same process; the thing was incurable now.

"If the wedding was celebrated on the large islet, Galön, belonging to Arsta, then the bride and bridegroom, each with their train, arrived in boats decorated with foliage; and when the procession returned, the bride sat in the first boat, with her parents and bridesmaids and musicians, heading a long line of boats full of people in holiday dress. On a fine day in autumn, such a procession, with its music on the calm waters, was very imposing and pleasant to behold.

"We children were always invited to these weddings, but were never allowed to go. The housekeeper and steward always accompanied the bridal-train, and were, together with the clergyman, the guests of honor at the wedding dinner, which usually lasted three or four hours, after which dancing began, which I believe frequently was rather boisterous, when the bridal crown was to be danced off, as it was called, and when there was a fight for the bride between the married and the unmarried women, which, of course, was to end in such

a way that the married ones triumphantly carried her off."

Such was the life of this young, ardent, sensitive, restless spirit. What wonder that her soul cries out—"I suffered like Tantalus." . . .

"Our home became to us a prison, compared with which a real prison would; so it appeared to me, have been a delicious retreat. We saw nobody in our house, and those whom we saw in the houses of others were unkind and unfriendly to us on account of our foreign journey, and on account of the airs which people fancied we wanted to give ourselves. Year after year a heavier and darker cloud lowered itself over my home, and still more over my soul. Gradually all illusions vanished. With a soul infinitely lively and active, I found myself shut out from all activity. If a charitable hand had then pointed out to me the road to light and future usefulness, through cultivation of my intellect and a judicious division of the time to be devoted to this purpose—oh! then so many years would not have rolled past me like zeroes, and I would have borne better every day's bitterness and pain. But my soul was still, as it were, in its swaddling clothes. I read heaps of novels; they awakened within me a longing for happiness and love, which could not be realized. I read large quantities of sermons, which did not make me a bit better or less unhappy. I played the piano, and occupied myself in one way or other, but more and more listlessly. I waited for a turn in events, in order to enter into activity, but no such events happened. Embroidering an interminable gray neckerchief, I became more and more benumbed, that is to say, in my vital powers, in my desire to live. The sense of pain did not become benumbed; it became, on the contrary, more sharp every day, like the frost in a steadily increasing winter. The flame in my soul was flickering fearfully, and wanted only one thing—to be extinguished forever. My sisters suffered with me; they suffered in me and I in them. During the common sorrows of our continental journey, we had become sincerely and closely united. During the common sufferings of our domestic life, we became still more tenderly united; and under affliction and tears those ties were knit which nothing can make stronger, which nothing can tear asunder, and which are now the chief source of my life's happiness. Years rolled past, and everything remained in the same state; physical pains, caused by inward pains, seized me; an eruption covered my face; my eyes became yellow. I felt, both in body and soul, a sense of the utmost discomfort,

a kind of frost, a sensation as if I was becoming mouldy. I had a fear and horror of people looking at me. My position, with respect to them and to myself, was insupportable. The fate of women in general, and my own in particular, appeared to me to be frightful. I saw assurance and courage in men's looks; heard them express openly their thoughts and feelings, and I—was doomed to silence, to live without life. I was conscious of being born with powerful wings, but I was also conscious of their being clipped, and I fancied that they would always remain so. I saw that I was disagreeable and repugnant in the eyes of others, and I felt that it could not be otherwise, for I was dissatisfied with myself, with my inward and outward being.

"But during all this suffering, a certain strength was called into life within me. My glance penetrated deeply into the dark mysteries of human life; I understood everything called suffering; and in my own name, and in that of all unhappy beings, I raised a painful and rebellious cry to Heaven:—

"My cheek was pale, my eyes were running o'er  
With bitter tears; my heart in desolation,  
Saw suffering, like a vast and rankling sore,  
Prey on the vitals of God's fair creation.

"I looked for dawn—I found but nightly gloom,  
No hope of happier days, no blessed faith;  
Life turned like some wild meteor on a tomb  
In my sad heart—I only prayed for death;"

"Now I stood in need of faith; now I stood in need of religious comfort. Wildly impatient, I prayed for it; my agony remained the same. Exasperated, I turned away my looks from heaven and asked, with my eyes riveted upon the night of human misery, a shuddering wherefore? No voice, either from heaven or from earth, returned an answer; my faith and my hope were shaken in their deepest foundations. Everything was tottering; I doubted, I despaired, and now I understood—hell. I suffered so deeply, so dreadfully, but at the same time so quietly, that just thereby I felt a kind of superiority over other people; because, during this suffering, I became so good, so gentle, that I would willingly have suffered still more to save the most insignificant insect a pang. And I knew nobody so good as I. God—may He forgive my weakness this irreverence or blindness—permitted this suffering. Man humbled me, because I was a kind of Lazarus, at any rate in my own imagination; but I overlooked mankind; in my soul raged giant agony. I felt that I could suffer, and that I suffered more than others.

"Although at this time I should have found it easy to achieve any great and noble action, even at the sacrifice of my life; yet I must in truth confess, that on the other hand, I have never looked upon crime and vice with so little abhorrence as then, and it is only Him, who rules events and circumstances, to whom I ascribe the innocence of my actions. One thing only afforded me some consolation during this long time of suffering, and this was painting. Seated at my easel, I frequently forgot, for hours together, my agony and the bitterness of my life; and in creating the beautiful with my pencil, I found therein consolation for not being able to re-create myself, for I was ever weak for beauty. In order to find pecuniary means for assuaging affliction which made my heart bleed to hear mentioned, I tried to earn money with my paintings. I painted little portraits of the Crown-Princess, whom I had seen in the theatre; painted that of the King; sold them in secret, and within a year I earned nearly two hundred rix dollars. To employ this sum, afforded me for the moment a healing balm."

We have given this much space to the details of Fredrika Bremer's childhood life, because it seems to furnish the key to all that passionate restlessness which animated her being, and throbs through all her writings. Hers was a nature which needed tender, guiding love, and constant, healthful employment for body and mind. None of these conditions were vouchsafed it. A marvellous Providence it was which saved her from morbid ruin and led her mind to health and happiness. The progress of her development, and the history of her first appearance in the literary world, she gives us as follows:—

"By degrees there awoke within me an intensely deep desire for improvement of, and for conciliation with, my better self. I did not hope to arrive at light and truth until after death, that dear, longed-for dawn of a better life.

"So it appeared to me in my calmer moments.

"In the country around me, near and far, there were many poor and sick. I became their physician, nurse, and helper, as far as I had it in my power. I felt an intense pleasure in exposing myself to and braving cold, tempests, snow-storms, even hunger; because the food which I took with me on my excursions I gave away. Battling with Nature's roughness, I felt with delight the moral strength of my being. I submitted joyously to the most loathsome medical employments. My bodily feelings were disgust, my

mental feelings were delight at suffering in order to soothe and heal. I denied myself all kinds of comforts, in order to give them to others. In a word, I was during two years a Catholic enthusiast, but became, in the mean time, a better, purer, more virtuous being than I had been before. I studied the Bible assiduously. I was often, very often, on my knees; yes, rose in the night to pray for light and peace. A breath of the celestial children's wings fanned now and then my heart. The fruit of such a moment is the passage in 'The Solitary One,' beginning with 'Now is peaceful, blessed rest,' &c., &c. I had indeed moments of inexpressible happiness; but my feelings, like billows, rose and fell; I felt no settled calm. A warm feeling of piety filled my soul. My doubts were not solved, but I had faith and hope; I had a measureless love for all sufferers; for all who were in affliction; for all unhappy ones. To exercise this love unwaveringly, during the whole remainder of my life, became my sole wish, and I made the firm determination, that, as soon as I should become my own mistress, I would enter a hospital as a 'Sister of Charity,' and devote my days to tending the sufferers of the poorer classes, little caring for what the world or my own family would say of it; so little was at that time the right application of the 'principle of usefulness' understood by me. With my soul full of the determination to devote my life to God in this way, I drove one Sunday, a gloomy winter's day, alone to church, in order to consecrate myself, as it were, to a new life by taking the Sacrament. I remember still, with a feeling of pleasing melancholy, how I was sitting alone in my pew, shivering with cold, while with a calm pleasure in my soul, I contemplated the altar-piece, representing the Resurrection, and heard how the congregation, one by one, with heavy footsteps walked up the aisle and entered the pews. All of a sudden the sun shone out brightly, and threw his life-giving rays upon me. They continued during the whole service to warm me gently, and with blissful tears I felt this as a blessing from Heaven. At the foot of the altar, I laid down the offering of my whole life, but found, during the holy act, and after it, my feelings to be less warm than I had wished. However, everything now became better than it had been previously. I imagined that I had closed my accounts with the world; the desire for its life and enjoyments was extinguished within me. My soul became pure and at the same time true. My incessant activity gave me a delightful con-

sciousness of being here in this world a consoling atom. In consequence of frequent and fatiguing exercise in the open air, my body became invigorated, my blood flowed more freely, my health improved.

"One day, about the end of March, I walked across snow-covered fields just as the sun was setting; the tear of gratitude and joy of one, to whom I had just then given comfort, had fallen like balm upon my heart. I had been walking very fast to avoid coming home in the twilight, and I had stopped a moment to recover breath and to inhale the mild, pure air. I stood still, with my eyes turned to where the sun was sinking in a flood of purple and golden glory beneath the western sky. Then came thence towards me, sweeping across the wide expanse of snow, a breath of air delicious and full of a foretaste of spring. I drank in its life-giving freshness with body and soul. I collected my excited feelings to more calmness, looked round, and turned, with full consciousness of the state of my being, my thoughts upon myself, with this question: Would I now wish to die? For the first time during many years, I felt that I could answer, No! Oh, moment of immeasurable delight! Now awoke within me the hope of a resurrection to happiness even on earth—a hope, which has not been deceived, but which has been beautifully realized.

"During this period of my life, a rather unusual circumstance contributed to give my mind a new direction. A noble-hearted and estimable lady, who then learnt to know me in my outward, and partly also in my inward life, conceived for me a friendship which amounted almost to a real passion.

"She was, and is still, one of the few friends whom God has given me, and to whom I can say: 'Go,' and she goes; 'come,' and she comes; 'do this,' and she does it. I felt that it was only through the ennobling of my own being that I had gained this power over her, and I rose accordingly still more in my own estimation. To describe all my own feelings would be impossible. There is something so gigantic and so full of the infinite in every deep feeling which fills my soul, that words cannot express it. A medical treatment, which I prescribed for myself during this time, contributed essentially to restore the equilibrium of my whole being, and to make me find some comfort in myself. I bathed frequently in lukewarm water, which had an inexpressibly beneficial effect upon me; and I was repeatedly bled. This drew from my poor head the quantity of blood which used to rush into it, and which caused

all my uneasiness. At last I applied a seton to each arm. They made the eruption in my face disappear, and drew out of my body the humors which had accumulated therein for years. My complexion became clear, and I became bodily like one new-born.

"During the last winter which I spent alone in the country, I wrote the first volume of the 'Sketches of Everyday Life.' It afforded me pleasure; but I felt, while trying to produce something as an authoress, how very chaotic was my whole world of imagination, and I had no idea that within me could lie any talent in that way. The chief motive for having my little book printed, was the hope of getting a little money to assist the poor in the country. When my brother August wrote to me from Upsala that Mr. Palmblad, the publisher, was willing to pay for it one hundred rix dollars, my sisters and I danced with delight.

"I now accompanied Agatha to town to spend the winter there. I had determined to go nowhere, and obtained at last permission, although with infinite difficulty, to live quietly.

"I had of late read, and was still reading, several good books, which in some measure reconciled me to my sufferings on earth, by showing me their unavoidableness and their aim. Herder's 'Ideen'\* made a deep and soothing impression upon me. When I came to town with my improved complexion and my calmer soul, I found as a visitor in my parents' house, a distant relative, with arms and crest on his seal, with a major's title, and an estate in the country. Honest soul! I listened patiently to his Laconic French; played to him, 'Welcome, O moon, my ancient friend;' and got from him an offer of his heart and hand, his crest, and his estate in the country. My family agreed perfectly with me in giving him a friendly refusal.

"I made also the acquaintance of another gentleman, who inspired me with a pure and warm feeling, which, although it was never responded to, yet had a powerful influence upon my development, and which still lives silently and ennobling in my heart.

"During the summer of 1829, I wrote, encouraged by an occasional eulogy on my little book, the second volume of my 'Sketches.'

"The better feelings which I had experienced, I expressed to a certain extent in 'The Solitary One,' and in 'The Consoler.' That kind of humor which is found in 'The H——Family,' was, until then, entirely unknown to me, and

\* Herder's *Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit*.

the discovery of it in me was quite unexpected. It was first shown in a small sketch written during the previous winter, 'Christmas in Sweden.'

"The following winter my father's long and last illness began. Towards the spring, I offered to H—, the printer in Stockholm, my manuscript of the second volume of my 'Sketches.' He was at first willing to receive it; but, after having had it some time for perusal, he refused to print it or to pay anything for it. Then my opinion of my talent as an authoress received a heavy blow indeed. Nevertheless, I had my manuscript offered to my former publisher, Mr. Palmblad, who at once undertook to print it in the course of the summer. Meanwhile we nursed and watched over my father. It did me good to tend him and to watch over him during his last long suffering, borne with heroic fortitude. He seemed to improve a little, and we went with him to live at a place in the environs of the town. There he enjoyed for a few days the summer air, but soon got worse, and died calmly, with my mother and sisters surrounding his bed. It was a comfort to see him at rest after a troubled life; a comfort to shed tears of reconciliation upon his cold hand and forehead.

"Shortly afterwards we removed to Arsta, where we led a quiet, retired life. In October the second volume of my book made its appearance, and I soon reaped a rich harvest of eulogia and compliments from all quarters."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Soon after, we moved to Stockholm, and I now passed a winter which, in many respects, was rich and full of importance to me. I got a great deal of praise and distinction for my book. The Swedish Academy awarded me a gold medal, accompanied by a very flattering letter. I had now what I had so warmly coveted in my early youth—distinction; and now it gave me but little pleasure; nay, I felt frequently even cold and indifferent to it all.

"But at this time I made the acquaintance of Miss Francis L—, and, through her, of Bentham. She showed me that the more knowledge I could acquire—the more clearness and perspicuity to which I could train my intellect—the greater would become my means to labor for the benefit of mankind, and to become happy myself. Bentham gave me, in his 'Principles of Utility,' a new light, and at the same time I had an opportunity of frequently conversing with distinguished and highly intelligent people. A new world opened

within me; I beheld a new sun, and in his light a paradise. My happiness at this new resurrection within me was inexpressible. My old plans, to which I had hitherto adhered, fell to the ground. I soon saw the road which I ought to follow. Oh, delight! Now I would and I could rise higher and higher to light and truth, and every one of my steps would bring with it some fruit for my fellow-men. My soul rejoiced.

"Letters arrived about this time; one for my mother and one for me. The young gentleman, who therein offered me his hand and heart, spoke with such warm sincerity, goodness, and real excellence of soul, and with so much candor and openness of himself, that I was deeply touched by it. I felt no aversion for him; but I did not wish to marry. By the refusal which I gave, I considered that I had forever placed a barrier between myself and marriage. I did not fear that the fulfilment of my duties as a wife and a mother would not be my chief aim if I entered into the married state; but it became clear to me that my mission as an authoress would then become totally neglected, because I knew and I felt that one cannot unite these two vocations without failing in both; while by devoting myself exclusively to the latter—that of an authoress—I believed that I could make myself as useful as my power admitted.

"The third volume of my 'Sketches,' which I wrote in the winter of 1831, in a hurry-scurry, appeared in print in the following spring, and the success which it met with, together with the advice of several highly estimable persons, determined me to devote myself seriously to the life of an authoress, and to develop my talent as much as possible."

The career of this gifted woman from this point, at which she commenced to act in a measure independently for herself, is familiar to all Americans of the present day. Many there are who remember well the plain, unobtrusive little woman, who, a few years since, came among us, and visited in our homes, for the love she bore this free land of America, in which, with her clear vision she could discern so much of future greatness and glory. Nor can we forget with what a kindly spirit she wrote of her impressions of the country and the people, reviewed our work, commended our achievement and criticized our needs.

She never married, but devoted her entire energies with her pen, her fortune, and her personal influence to the elevation of mankind,



and to the particular needs of her own sex in her own land.

"Fredrika was permitted to live to see four important events realized at which her heart, always warm and sympathizing for all progress in a noble and good direction, felt the sincerest joy; the abolition of slavery in the United States of America; a law passed in Sweden, that unmarried women should attain their majority at twenty-five years of age; the

organization in Stockholm of a seminary for educating female teachers; and the parliamentary reform in Sweden, carried through in such a dignified manner."

She left a name pure and spotless, revered as none other in her native land, and loved through all the Christian world. She died at Arsta at the age of sixty-four years, December 31st, 1865.

## THE HOLLANDS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

### CHAPTER XIII.

ONLY two days after her first interview with Mrs. Kent, Jessamine found herself again at that lady's residence. An urgent note, written in a pretty though rather painstaking, undeveloped hand, having carried her out of town again.

Mrs. Kent met her guest at the door, her face prettier than ever, Jessamine thought, with its pleased, eager welcome.

"You were so good to come, Miss Holland. I have been half frightened at my boldness in sending for you ever since the carriage drove off, fearing what you might think of it."

"My thoughts are not very formidable things at the best," laughed Jessamine. "I cannot conceive how they should ever alarm any human being. This time they resolved themselves into a very feminine curiosity to know what this mystery was at which your message hinted so strongly."

"It is a little plan which came to me night before last; and I have pondered it ever since. You see I would not do anything of this sort suddenly or rashly," blushing and smiling.

The two had come into the quiet little alcove room again, where they had their first talk, and where Jessamine had a home-feeling.

She was, however, quite in the dark regarding Mrs. Kent's meaning. She therefore added, in her bright, playful way—"It must be an awfully solemn matter which required two whole days' consideration. Why I never gave so much time to any project in my life. I think if a man should propose to me, I should arrive at an absolute decision in less than half that time."

Mrs. Kent could not help laughing, but she grew grave in a few moments.

"But this plan which has cost me so much time and thought will never come to anything unless you consent to it and help me carry it out. I have set my whole heart on it," voice face growing very earnest.

"I shall be very glad to—to serve you in any way that is best for us both," replied Jessamine, a kind of prescience of responsibility coming over her, and making her seek her words carefully.

Then Mrs. Kent's plan came out, which affected Jessamine in one way quite as vitally as the former.

The lady had been revolving all her friend had said to her in their last interview, and was certain that Jessamine was the only person in the world who could assist Mrs. Kent to carry out her purposes of study.

The whole matter resolved itself into a most pressing invitation to Jessamine Holland, to come and take up her abode with Mrs. Kent for the next year, and induct that lady into her studies.

She pleaded her cause with an earnestness, force and eloquence which really quite took from Jessamine the power to reply after her first amazement at the proposition of her hostess.

Mrs. Kent, like everybody else in the Walbridge circle, knew the history of Jessamine Holland's acquaintance with the family, and that she was an orphan, with no near kin in the world except the heroic brother who had gone to the East Indies to seek a fortune for himself and his sister.

She barely touched on that, however. All the favor was to come from Jessamine, all the bounty to be reaped by herself. She urged her necessity, and insisted strenuously on the fact that Jessamine alone would be a stimu-



lant and support to her in the solemn resolution she had formed of educating herself.

There were teachers to be had, no doubt; but these would not be friends, nor apprehend all the delicate complications of the case. Nobody in the world could do that but Miss Holland; and besides that, with another little blush and unsteadiness of lip and voice, Mrs. Kent was so shockingly ignorant she should be afraid and ashamed to expose all this to a hired teacher, who might go away and ridicule her, as those ladies who prided themselves on their good breeding had not hesitated to do. Then Jessamine's presence would be a constant inspiration to Mrs. Kent, would encourage, sustain her, when her own faith failed. In the world, in her own home, in herself also, she would have constant obstacles to encounter, where a friend who comprehended them all, could alone enable her to be steadfast.

After that first year, which Jessamine had told her would prove the real test, and leave her at its close vanquished or victor, Mrs. Kent could take the reins, but now her hands were too weak and unused to hold them alone. Would Jessamine help her?

All this, and a great deal more, the little lady said, pleading her cause with a wonderful fervor, while Jessamine sat still trying to look calmly at the matter, which had been sprung on her so suddenly.

Her answer was doubtful when Mrs. Kent paused. "It has taken me so completely by surprise—there are so many things to consider—my dear Mrs. Kent, you must give me time."

"Oh, yes—only," and an arch smile came about the young matron's mouth, "I am so impatient, and you have said that it would not take you two days to decide about a husband, and this is a far less important matter."

Jessamine could but admit that her own remark was very shrewdly forged by her hostess into a weapon for that lady's cause; and then the latter went on drawing a most captivating picture of the quiet, happy times they would have together. There was the pleasant, ample house, with the wide grounds, where the summer was coming to work its old Eden miracle afresh, and Miss Holland should be just as much at home as under her own roof, and live her own life with absolute freedom as it pleased her. There should be the three hours for study, an inexorable law, and beyond that were walks, and drives, and sails, whenever Jessamine should choose.

They were both young and enthusiastic in

different ways, and if the *couleur de rose* visions spread enchanted landscapes before them, it was natural enough.

"I would try to make you very happy," said Mrs. Kent, in a way that was really touching, at the conclusion; "and at least you could come and try it, you know."

"I am quite overwhelmed by all your goodness," stammered Jessamine, whose youth and fancy had been quite dazzled with the glowing pictures. "I have no doubt I should be very happy, but—but—I wonder what Ross would say?"

Here was an element in the argument on which Mrs. Kent had not counted. She was not at all disposed to leave the matter to the arbitration of somebody on the other side of the planet.

She was simply an impulsive, undeveloped young girl at this time, with a warm heart and a good deal of latent energy under the pretty face. Her instincts were true. She had selected her confidant wisely. Whatever Jessamine might share of ease and luxury in the elegant home, Mrs. Kent would owe far more to her by contact with a finer and nobler nature, than any she had ever met, and by its quiet, shaping influences upon her life. She needed Jessamine.

"If I could see this wonderful brother of yours, I am sure I could bring him over to my way of thinking; but you will not hold me in suspense while letters can go around the world and back, to have him decide on a matter of which he could really know nothing. The whole thing might strike him as a foolish vagary, and in any case he must leave it all to your decision."

This reasoning was so sensible that Jessamine could not gainsay it. I think she was glad she could not; but, for all that, she would not rush with unsteady feet into this new life, which had risen up suddenly, like a stately palace in the midst of shining gardens, to receive her.

"But your husband, Mrs. Kent, does he know of this project and approve it?"

"Oh, yes, Richard is so good—you have to know him thoroughly to find that out, Miss Holland—he approves of anything that will make me happy. It is true that he always makes light of my ignorance, with some such answer as this—'You are wise and smart enough for me, Dolly'—that is one of his pet names. 'What do you want to bother that little head of yours about being a bookworm,' and talk of that sort. And even if I were to

tell him of some of the humiliations which I endure, he would think it all proceeded from narrow envy or jealousy. A man could hardly understand these things as we do."

"Hardly," wondering whether Ross or Duke Walbridge would not.

"But Richard did not raise the remotest objection to my plan when I laid it before him, and in the end I am certain he will not think the less of me for carrying it out; besides, he will like you as well as I do, almost."

Afterwards, Mrs. Kent took Jessamine up stairs and showed her the room which she had appropriated to her use in case she consented to become an inmate of the household. It was a bower pretty enough for a princess, instead of a very quiet little country maiden; perhaps less pretentious than the stately chamber which she occupied at the Walbridges, but quite as tasteful and elegant with its dark furniture, its snowy linen and laces; and its windows, that took in a landscape, whose hills and meadows, with their shining crinkle of brooks and river streams, would be an eternal delight to the eyes of Jessamine Holland. At the foot of the bed, too, just where those radiant eyes would be sure to rest on it when they woke up from the night into the new day, was a sea picture, a rare thing, by De Haas, a long green line of waves writhing up in glittering coils to the beach, like a huge serpent throwing its cold, vast length on the dark, wet sands that sparkled in the light. In the west, the sun was going down in great masses of angry clouds; there was a heave and restlessness of the vast sea which told one it was girding up its strength to meet the storm that was coming down upon it; there was the snowy glitter of the sea birds in the distance, and across the bare, reddish headlands.

Jessamine drew in her breath. A sense of ease, of home and peaceful shelter came softly over her. She thought of the little room at Hannah Bray's, with its bare walls and its clumsy furniture to which she must go back in a little while. Then she heard Mrs. Kent's voice—"How soon shall you let me know your decision?"

"You must give me one night to sleep over it," answered Jessamine. "That usually clears away my cobwebs of doubt and fear, over any new plans. To-morrow I will write you," and with this understanding the two young things so strangely brought together, so singularly in need of each other, parted at the door.

As Jessamine rolled through the grounds, she looked about them with a new interest,

and with some new sense of possession. In these few last days the first pulse of the spring had stirred under the earth. She heard a robin singing among the hedges, and with a sudden yearning thrill she saw clusters of "ladies' delights," constellations of purple and gold, in the flower-borders at her feet.

Would this earthly Paradise ever really be her home? Was it a dream, whose glowing mirage filled an hour of the night, or something that had really fallen to her human lot? setting herself back in the carriage when she found that her lashes were wet. Only that morning Jessamine had been compelling herself to look the fact in the face that she must return home, and the time was drawing nigh to do this. She would not admit to her most secret thought that there had been any failure of cordiality in the manner of the Walbridges since she first became their guest.

Jessamine Holland was not morbid; but her instincts were sensitive, and if she would have allowed herself to heed them, she might have felt that there was a subtle difference of manner in her hostess, and in that of her elder daughters.

Mrs. Walbridge herself was unconscious of this; indeed, she made a constant effort not to fail in any attention to her guest; but it was impossible for even that lady to absolutely mask her feelings; and of late she had set her heart on Duke's taking to wife Margaret Wheatley; and she was not uncertain whether Jessamine Holland stood in the way of this consummation. Sometimes Mrs. Walbridge made herself believe that her fears were groundless; and then again she was less confident of the state of her son's affections. She watched Duke narrowly; she pondered his words, and yet she feared to let fall a hint which should indicate the desire on which she had set her heart.

All this, of course, did not tend to promote Jessamine Holland in Mrs. Walbridge's estimation. The lady must have been glad of any circumstance which would have relieved her from the unwelcome presence of her young guest. Mrs. Walbridge would not admit to herself that she disliked Jessamine Holland; but for all that, she did, in secret, as we are apt to do those whom we fear may frustrate our dearest plans. And all unconsciously to herself, there was at times a faint chilliness in her tones and manner towards Miss Holland though that young lady denied it most energetically to herself, when her instincts first suggested the fact.

Edith, who sympathized with her mother's

feeling, was, perhaps, a little less guarded. Margaret Wheatley she had resolved should be her sister-in-law, and here she was confident of the sympathy of her whole family, with the exception of Eva, who was kept wholly in the dark. She was too young to understand anything of the sort, Mrs. Walbridge said. There was no doubt that Mrs. Ashburn could be relied on to use all her influence to promote the union of her niece with the son of her friend. Duke was a great favorite with the lady, who had an immense horror of fortune hunters, and a constant dread lest her niece should be sacrificed to some one of these, his real purpose disguised under graceful bearing and eloquent tongue.

Mrs. Ashburn's influence would be no small force in Duke's favor, both with father and daughter. As for Margaret herself, the young man had always been an immense favorite with her from her childhood. Everything was auspicious for Duke's suit to a bride with a dowry of half a million to add to her many charms and graces.

Did this unknown stranger, without fortune or friends, whom circumstances had forced on their hospitality, stand in the way of so brilliant an alliance; one that would do honor to the Walbridge race? "She shall not," muttered Edith, and her haughty face darkened, and her mother listened and did not reprove her daughter.

Jessamine found, on her return from Mrs. Kent's, that a plan had been concocted by the young people to ride over to the Falls, a little picturesque torrent of water among a belt of low, black rocks, a few miles from the city. Doubtless the attraction of the scenery was greatly enhanced by the drive to the waterfall, which wound charmingly among the meadows, with sudden outbreaks and surprise of hill and valley scenery.

Jessamine had frequently been promised a ride to this waterfall when the spring weather opened, though Duke had been disposed to have a jest at Eva's expense, over her highly-colored descriptions of the size and volume of the stream: "Oh, Eva, one would think to hear you go on, that we had a companion-piece to Niagara up there among the rocks. It is only a pretty stream of water leaping over the stones from a considerable height; but, then, small eyes see things in such enlarged proportions—a cherry once looked bigger in my eyes than an apple does now."

"No doubt it will in mine, when I have attained your wonderful age," answered Eva,

pertly enough. The brother and sister were always having their badinage over each other's ages, all of which vastly amused Jessamine.

Eva was full of the details of the ride when Jessamine returned. The air was soft as a late May-day full of sunshine and the fragrance of blossoms. Everybody seemed to take it for granted that Miss Holland would go; and she would have thought it absurd to demand a more ceremonious invitation.

"Of course, it never entered Duke's thought that Jessamine would not be included in the party; but Edith had made up her mind that morning to weave a little silken net of intrigue over the whole affair. She was resolved that her brother and Margaret Wheatley should occupy the carriage by themselves, if she could compass it. "There is no reason why Miss Holland should see the waterfall on this particular occasion," she said to herself; and there are especial reasons why Duke should just at this time be thrown, as much as possible, in Margaret Wheatley's society, with no distracting influences about him.

The eldest daughter of Mason Walbridge would have made an artist in delicate intrigue. This matter required dainty handling, for it would never answer to offend Duke or wound Miss Holland. Edith Walbridge's plan was worthy of herself.

Jessamine stood at the mirror putting on her hat, for the carriages were coming up the drive, when there was a knock at the door, and Miss Walbridge suddenly entered the room.

"Oh, I beg pardon!" and she started back with a wonderfully well counterfeited look of surprise. "I did not understand—you are going with us, Miss Holland?" Voice and smile very cordial over these last words, in which, too, was a lurking embarrassment.

"Yes—that is—I was expecting to," answered Jessamine, a little incoherently, surprised and curious. "But is there any reason—I beg you will tell me what your errand was, Miss Walbridge."

"It was a very small matter—a mere misapprehension on my part. I am quite confused, Miss Holland."

She certainly looked so, standing there in her dark, handsome riding-suit; and Jessamine Holland was not by nature suspicious. She always took people at their word.

"I shall not feel comfortable unless you frankly tell me what brought you in here, Miss Walbridge."

"Well, then, as I am caught, mouse-like in a snug little trap, I suppose there is no way

but to make a clean breast of it," answered Edith, with an air of reluctant frankness.

"I thought you said to Eva at lunch that you had letters to write to your brother, which would prevent your joining our party for the Falls this afternoon; and I have just received some handsome engravings of Spanish mountain and coast views, which I thought might interest you in case you felt lonely before we returned; and I called to say, knowing your taste for anything of the sort, that I had laid them on the library table for your amusement."

This was very kind and thoughtful of Edith. Was it strange that Jessamine Holland's gaze could not penetrate far down into any secret motive which underlaid all the graciousness—that she took the whole with her native good faith?

"I thank you sincerely, Miss Walbridge. It was not strange that you misapprehended me, for I did tell Miss Eva that I had intended to bestow this afternoon on Ross, as the steamer sails day after to-morrow, but that I would break my rules and sit up the best part of the night to write him."

"And—and I have just told Duke— Oh, Miss Holland, I beg you will pardon all my stupidity, and take my place. Really, this ride is quite unimportant to me, I have taken it so many times."

Edith Walbridge seemed distressed in her confusion. It was like Jessamine to hasten to relieve her.

"Don't think of me in the least, Miss Walbridge, but just enlighten me, and then I am sure we shall be able to adjust the whole matter," laying down her gloves on the table.

Then Edith went on to say that, in the full belief of Miss Holland's refusal to accompany them, she had insisted on Duke's taking the phaeton, which would only accommodate two people comfortably.

"I thought this arrangement might be pleasanter than to have Eva by his side; as I presume you are aware, Miss Holland, that a peculiar friendship has always existed between Duke and Margaret Wheatley. She was the only little girl whom he ever heartily fancied, and we used to imagine their childish penchant might ripen into a real attachment; and as I have an impression the old feeling has not perished, I managed that they should ride undisturbed to this old haunt of theirs, knowing it was very full of childish associations to both of them. Of course I should never have

alluded to this matter if these circumstances had not forced me."

Edith said this in the most natural way imaginable. Still, she watched covertly the effect of her words on her listener. There was no apparent embarrassment. Jessamine stood quietly and earnestly listening, with no change in her face, except the swift color which was always coming and going, and therefore furnished no criterion on the present occasion.

"And—and—oh, I begin to see the facts now. Your own carriage will be filled, and so you wish to remain at home to make room for me. You are very kind, Miss Walbridge, but of course that is not to be thought of," and Jessamine took off her hat.

"Oh, do put it on," pleaded Edith. "I shall not have a moment's comfort during the ride, and Duke would be so vexed if he knew all this."

"He need know nothing about it," answered Jessamine, eager to relieve her friend's embarrassment. "Just tell him that I am really unable to take the ride this afternoon and finish my letter to Ross, and which is the simple truth, and don't give another thought to this matter."

Edith, sure of her ground now, demurred and protested; but Jessamine was firm, and at last she was obliged to leave, and she went down secretly, exulting internally over the success of her *finesse*.

"Where is Miss Holland?" asked Duke, a little impatiently, as she joined the group.

"She sent her excuses, but she has concluded that she will remain behind and write to her brother. You know she is the model of sisters, Duke. I can only admire her at a distance now; but perhaps if you were in India I would do the same for you."

"Why, Miss Holland said she would put off writing her brother until night!" exclaimed Eva, in a voice full of chagrin.

"Well, she has altered her mind, and none of us can induce her to go now," promptly responded Edith. "You will ride in the phaeton with Margaret, and Eva can come with us," she added to her brother.

Duke turned towards the carriage, but his sister hardly liked the expression of his face. There was something dark and grim about it, which was a sure indication that matters had gone wrong with him.

She would have felt still less exultant over the success of her little master-piece of intrigue could she have looked down into her brother's heart and read the thoughts there. "Ah,

Jessamine, I am only the friend of Ross in your thought. Shall I ever be more?"

Margaret Wheatley waited for him with her brightest smile, her face set off at its very best, under a mass of flowers and plumes. If there was any sentiment existing between the two, this afternoon was certainly the time to inspire it. There were all the old childish associations linked with this ride, for long ago Duke had driven Margaret Wheatley over to the waterfall with his new pony, and was as proud of his prowess as a young knight of the spurs he had just won; and the little girl's admiration for her boy-cavalier, still exercised a certain magic over the young woman.

Every mile of the road revived some old memory, and the banker's daughter had never in her life been more fascinating than she was on that drive. There was little doubt that Duke Walbridge held at that time the fate of Margaret Wheatley in his hands, that had he chosen to urge his suit with fiery heart and eloquent tongue, the bird with the beautiful plumage and the golden nest, would have dropped easily into his outstretched hand.

But with all his faults, Duke was not self-complacent, and he would have deemed himself meanly disloyal to any woman to fancy that he could win her before he had made the effort. And somewhat after this fashion his thoughts went to himself. "Ah, Margaret—Margaret, you are brilliant and fascinating, and all that, and I had rather have you by my side this minute than any woman in the world, saving one only; one with a soul bright and strong, like fire, tender and soft as dew; one whose very voice and presence seem to banish the devils of which I am possessed; devils of selfishness, sloth, pride. Ah, Margaret, under all the bloom and charm, what should I find if my soul went to you for cool springs, when it was hot and tired in the hard wrestle of life. I know my weaknesses, I and God, and that the devil is forever getting the better of what little good is in me. I want a woman who will help to make me a better man, who will inspire and exalt me, who, knowing my weaknesses will still aid me by her love and faith to subdue my baser self; and daily, hourly contact with her nobleness, purity, sweetness, should be the slow leaven that shall refine my coarser, harder nature."

What would Margaret Wheatley, sitting by his side, with all her young bloom and grace have thought of all this? It would have sounded to her like the vagaries of a mad-

man. She could have had no comprehension, much less any sympathy with it. Yet you would have thought to see the two that this young man and maiden were having the merriest time imaginable. The light badinage flashing back and forth between themselves and the party in the two carriages behind, in which rode all of Duke's sisters with some of the young gentlemen in their train.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

But somebody in the stately chamber at the Walbridges was *not* having a very merry time, whatever might be the case with the party.

Jessamine conscientiously made ready her writing materials for Ross's letter. But something was the matter with the girl. What wind had blown suddenly up from coasts of blackness and death, the storm and dark which had settled down upon her soul? There was no tumult, no thunderings nor lightnings, but chill and blackness, and creeping across it those soft words of Edith's about her brother and Margaret Wheatley; soft, light words; but they rang like a death-knell in that dark silence. There was a pain, too, in her heart; a live-dead ache. Trying to shake it off, the girl rose up and dragged her heavy limbs across the room. "Oh, dear!" she said, "I wish there was somebody in the world in whose lap I could lay down my head a little while; some mother or sister," her mouth quivering like a grieved child's.

Jessamine did not know what ailed her. She only felt so utterly forlorn and lonely in the world. For the first time there came across Jessamine a longing to get away from the splendor which had surrounded her; and Hannah Bray's words returned to her—"I feel certain you will not come back to us as you went away, my child."

Her homely friend was right there. A new world lay between her and that morning when she went out from the old house, and turned to look at it for the last time, with a sudden yearning in her heart. Ah, it is only when we strain them suddenly, that we find how tough are the old fibres woven of memory and association.

With a sudden longing, too, Jessamine looked off to the new home which had been offered her. Was not God caring for her again. She had been afraid that she should live a useless life in His world. There might be some hidden corner in the great garden of the Lord for her to make a little fairer—at any rate, she would try.



She sat down now, and cried all alone, not passionately, but large, salt, bitter tears, whose hopelessness did not belong to her youth, or to any age, for that matter, but she could not cry away that dull, steady ache about her heart. Ross must be written to, though, and the afternoon was wearing away, and the party of gay people would soon be back, and she must meet them with a face that would tell no story of this miserable afternoon.

She tried to put a light heart into her letter, but despite herself, there was a heavy throb through it sometimes.

The new home which had opened its doors to her of a sudden, formed the principal feature in Jessamine's letter. Ross's nature was a practical one, and she felt some uneasiness lest he should regard the whole matter as rather visionary and romantic. But men could not judge in such matters for women, as Mrs. Kent had said, and Jessamine saw that she must take this thing into her own hands.

The letter was not finished until long after the gay party had returned.

When Jessamine went down stairs her face was steady enough, and she listened to rapturous accounts of the ride, and to regrets on every side that she did not go.

Duke, however, kept aloof from her. Indeed, there had come of late a slight constraint in his manner towards her. Always conscious of her presence with his veins full of fire, and his heart throbbing like a fluttered maiden's, how could the young man maintain just the old, light composure of his bearing, when face to face with the lady of his love, and that awful secret within his soul?

Jessamine was conscious of this change, too, but, if possible, Duke's watchfulness for her ease and happiness seemed to augment at this time, so she would not allow herself to see any difference in his manner. After dinner, that evening, some friends from New York called on Mrs. Ashburn and her niece, and Duke and Jessamine were left awhile almost alone in the library—something which very seldom happened now-a-days. The conversation seemed to flag between them. At last, he took up an elegantly illustrated volume from the table, and running over the leaves, his eyes lighted on a passage which brought a sudden change over his face. A light shone in them, and a smile, half tender, half amused, played about his mouth.

He looked up at Jessamine, the smile making a warmth about the coldness of her heart. "What book have you there?" she asked suddenly.

"*'The Courtship of Miles Standish.'* Of course, you have read it?"

"Oh, yes, with a wonderful delight. Priscilla on her milk-white steed, going through the forest, with John Alden walking by her side that autumn day, is a picture, that one having seen it through the poet's eyes, can never forget—the homeliness, the truth, the tenderness and the beauty."

"And in its pure, fresh, golden atmosphere and bloom, how all the splendor and magnificence of a fashionable bridal shows its tinsel and gas-lights," answered Duke.

"You were smiling at some passage in your reading just now. What was it pleased you?"

An impulse seized Duke at the moment, that left him no volition of his own. He handed the volume over to Jessamine, and pointed to the lines, but he did not tell her he was thinking of her, nor how well they suited his own case.

So, she read the passage:

"But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of a woman. That I confess I'm ashamed of, nor am I ashamed to confess it."

"I don't think," said Jessamine, in her quiet, earnest way, as though the matter had not the slightest connexion with herself, and just as she would have said it to Ross, "that any man would have much reason to be ashamed of a woman who would thunder a 'No!' in his ear to such a question, asked honestly and loyally. At any rate such a 'No,' in the end would be better than 'Yes.'"

Duke looked at the girl sitting there in her soft, quiet grace, sweet and womanly as the Puritan maiden they were talking about. Something leaped and shone wide and hungry in his eyes.

"Your 'No,' would never be thundered in any man's ears, Miss Jessamine. I can imagine what a low, soft, pitiful thing it would be, but for all that it might rumble through his soul for years afterwards, the death-blow of all his hopes, dreams, aspirations—life itself—never clearing the air and making it sweeter."

Jessamine looked up in a swift surprise, her face all in a heat at those strange words and the stranger tone, and met the shining, hungry glance.

It confused—frightened her. How she would have answered, or whether at all, she never knew; for at that moment Eva darted over to her side.

What more Duke would have said, he never knew also; for he had been overmastered and hurried quite out of himself.



But the wind suddenly changed, and blew from the west in the soul of Jessamine Holland; and instead of the storm, there was light, and gladness, and the singing of birds. She did not stop to ask what had wrought the change; perhaps she was afraid to.

But the next hour was a very pleasant one for the three. Eva brought up the ride again, and was energetic in her regrets that Jessamine had remained at home.

"I was selfish enough to hope that you would forget Ross for a few hours for the rest of us," said Duke.

He really wanted her to go then, despite his penchant for Margaret Wheaton. Duke would not speak in that way without he meant it.

Meanwhile, Edith was relating to her mother the "little stroke of policy," as she called it, which had kept Miss Holland at home that afternoon, Mrs. Walbridge and Mrs. Ashburn having at the time been down town together.

"It was very cleverly managed, my dear," answered the lady, when her daughter concluded; "but I do not like to have a daughter of my own resort to manoeuvres of this sort. I always was opposed to intrigues."

"Oh, well, mamma, one can't always be squeamish; and I think the circumstances justified a little management on my part."

"I hope they did. So Duke and Margaret had their ride quite to themselves?"

"Yes; in the phaeton. I wish Duke had seized so propitious a chance to propose. I have no doubt as to the success of his suit. How I do wish that boy knew which side his bread was buttered!"

"I suspect the knowledge would not materially influence his conduct. But Margaret Wheatley is such a charming creature, I have been in hopes that your brother would fall in love with her."

Mrs. Walbridge would never "put it" in any other light, never admit to herself even that the girl's fortune lay at the bottom of her eager desire that Margaret Wheaton should be her daughter-in-law.

"It shan't be my fault if she isn't," answered Edith, with a toss of her head.

Mrs. Walbridge smiled, looking on her handsome eldest daughter. She had great faith in Edith's diplomatic skill when she exerted it; but she said now—"Be careful, my child, not to do anything that you may regret afterwards, even to bring to pass a thing which we all so ardently desire."

This was a gentle admonition, which satisfied Mrs. Walbridge's conscience, while it

would not be likely to exert any strong influence upon her daughter's proceedings.

Jessamine Holland carried a heart fluttering in happiness up to her room that night. The look that shone in Duke's eyes made her cheeks hot and her pulses bound whenever she thought of it. What did it mean?

Jessamine asked herself that question, and then—I think she was afraid to answer it to herself—a singular tremulousness came over her; she drew her breath hard; and her eyes were like the stars with the new glory, and joy and beauty which shone in them. And with the old childish prayer that night, she added another, that if her Father's hand had opened the gates of the new home, the light and the wisdom might be given her to see clearly and walk wisely. And then she laid down and slept on it, as she had promised Mrs. Kent. The next morning her decision was embodied in the brief note which she sent to the lady:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—*I will come and do, God helping me, the best I can.*

*Sincerely yours,*

"JESSAMINE HOLLAND."

The little note made Mrs. Kent the happiest of women for that day. She was an impulsive little thing; and when Jessamine's letter reached her, she was sitting playing with her baby, who had just been brought in fresh from his bath in snowy cambric and laces; the small, fluttering hands, the sweet baby face, with its mother's wide, innocent eyes, the pink cheeks and the scarlet mouth, making a prettier sight than any of the pictures on the wall.

Richard Kent, sitting in his arm-chair in his flowered dressing-gown, was thinking just the same thing as he watched the young mother frolic with her baby on the rug, and hold a glittering rattle-box just above the child, who crowded, and laughed, and stretched his little dimpled hands after the toy.

Richard Kent was a bluff, square-shouldered, well-featured man, not a modern Adonis by any means, with his heavy figure and his shambling gait, and his iron-gray hair; but it was all the same, so long as he looked handsomer than any living man in the eyes of the one little woman in the world for whom he really cared.

The toy dropped suddenly into the lap of the baby as his mother seized the note, which a servant had just brought in, and tearing it open, Mrs. Kent gathered out the meaning. She was off her feet in an instant, dancing half across the room in her delight.

"Oh, Dick, she's really coming!"

Mr. Kent thought his wife had the prettiest little airs and graces imaginable. Whatever she did was perfect in his eyes; and though the man had been brought to give his consent to this project of study, he had done it with just that sort of feeling with which one gratifies any pretty little vagary of a child's, looking at the whole matter in that strong, common-place daylight which had served him so well in the world, and in which he regarded everything not connected with his wife and baby.

"Let me see the letter, child," he said, thinking that, now the thing was really settled, this receiving an entire stranger into the intimacy of their household for a whole year might not be just the agreeable thing his wife fancied.

So with a good deal of empressment Mrs. Kent brought her husband the letter. He read it, scanning the hand and the words closely, as he was in the habit of doing some new endorsement of a note.

"I like the looks of that," he said, at last. "Sensible young woman this; no flourishes nor affectations there; but fine, strong, and clear. Then there's no unnecessary words, no going about the thing; but brief, and to the point. I don't quite like the idea of having somebody round all the time; a man wants to feel that his home is his own to do just what he has a mind to in it; and this Miss—what you call it——"

"Miss Holland, Dick; now do remember."

"This Miss Holland may sometimes be in the way."

"Oh, Dick, if you should see her you'd never say that. She'll never intrude herself on us. I know you'll like her; and I am so anxious to have her come at once, and make the first plunge into our studies."

"I don't see what you want to bother your pretty head about them things, child. As though you weren't wise enough, and bright enough by nature. These foolish women have put this notion into your brain, when I'd match you against the whole of them for native wit and brightness."

"Ah, but, Dick, you dear old fellow, you've no idea how fearfully ignorant I am. I'm dreadfully ashamed of myself when I am thrown amongst people who have had a chance in the world. I hardly dare open my lips to say a word, lest I should let something wrong fall, and they will make sport of me."

"Let them do it if they dare," growled Richard Kent.

"Ah, but—I suppose a man cannot under-

stand it; but real, well-bred ladies sometimes do these things, and it is very humiliating," her voice shaking a little.

"Have they been troubling my little bird?" said the large, coarse man, with a voice as tender and pitiful as a woman's. "She was made for nothing in the world but to sing among the leaves in the sunshine, and they better let her alone. Nobody's going to vex my darling. I hold, through their husbands and fathers, more of these fine ladies in my power than you suspect, or they either."

Mrs. Kent rose up, and came to her husband, and ran her fingers through the thick, iron-gray hair. "Dick," she said, earnestly, "you are the best man in the whole world. I do not believe there was ever another with such a big heart as yours, or ever will be another afterward. You took the little factory girl, with all her defects and ignorance, and set her in the midst of all your wealth and splendor, and there you keep her like a crowned queen, and will not see a fault in her. But she grows more conscious of them all the time, and one of these days when I am no longer your little girl-wife, and our boy has grown above my head, I want to be something that he and his father may be proud of."

"No danger but what we shall be all that," the shrewd eyes looking with fond tenderness on the pretty creature before him.

"Ah, yes; but not wholly because I am bright and pretty, or all those things you think me, but because I am a sensible and thoughtful, cultured woman; that is what I want to be some of these days, for your sakes, my husband and my child."

Richard Kent began to discern there was some latent strength and energy which he had not suspected in the little factory girl he had taken to wife. He was amused, impressed, and the practical man was half convinced there was something in this reasoning, after all, and something more in his wife's plan than a pretty romantic notion, which in the end would come to nothing; but then it was best to indulge her until she got tired of it.

So it was settled that they should ride over to the Walbridges, and prevail upon Jessamine to appoint the earliest day possible for her entrance into their family, although Richard Kent could not get over his notion that she was a learned woman, and the man had a horror of such.

Meanwhile, Jessamine began to feel that it was high time she announced to the family her intention of going to the Kents. There was no

need that they should know anything beyond the fact that she accepted an invitation to visit the family. The whole matter was no affair of the Walbridges, and she shrank from the thought of their coolly discussing Mrs. Kent's secret. No doubt they would be surprised; but would have no motive to object to the visit, even if they had any right to control her movements.

But Duke was not included in his family. He had been her friend, in no ordinary way; he had pledged himself to stand in Ross's stead to the lonely orphan sister; and she felt she owed him some explanation of the circumstances which had preceded her acceptance of an invitation which would no doubt surprise and perplex him. Since Margaret Wheatley's advent, Jessamine had fewer opportunities than formerly of any private talk with her young host. But one occurred one evening two or three days after her decision had been formed, when Duke returned early in the afternoon and found Jessamine alone in the library with some book, whose attraction had proved strong enough to keep her from accompanying the other ladies down town.

Seizing her chance when he came and sat down by the table near herself, Jessamine related the whole story of her acquaintance with Mrs. Kent, adding only—"It is her secret and mine. Everybody else will suppose, at the first, at least, that I go there as her guest; for, though I could have no possible objection to the world's knowing my relations in the household, the lady herself does not want cold and cynical people laughing over her first attempts at geography and arithmetic; though, after all, if I were in her place, I should hardly care what people might say of me," a strong, free spirit looking out of the beautiful eyes, and touching with its own pride the soft curves of the lips.

"That is right, Miss Jessamine. We only learn how to live when we possess our soul in some serene climate where the buzz and tumult of what people may say can never reach us. Yet, I can understand Mrs. Kent's feelings, and her secret will of course be sacred."

"I am a little uneasy as to what Ross may think of it all," she went on to say. "I wish you would do me the favor to write him that you, knowing all the circumstances, approve of what I have done."

A curious smile came over his face. He looked at the girl—"I have not said that, Miss Jessamine."

"Ah, but you would if you knew all. It

will be so much better than going back to the old, lonely life at Hannah Bray's. Then, too, I shall be doing some little work in the world, and that will give me strength and courage."

"I never thought of your going back to Hannah Bray's, Miss Jessamine. Such a thing is not to be so much as named. But I had expected that you would have remained with us until Ross returned. You seem to have grown quite into one of the family. I do not see how we are to get on without you."

She looked up with her bright, grateful smile. "I have grown uneasy of late over the length of my visit. I should have returned home in a week or two, if—if nothing better had opened."

Duke rose up and paced the room. It seemed to him that all the light and life of his elegant home would go out when this quiet little girl went over his threshold. He stopped suddenly; he bent over her; his breath came and went quickly.

"Jessamine," he said, in a low voice, but it seemed to the girl that it had the strength and rumble of distant thunder, "I wish you would not go away from us."

She looked up. She caught the fiery blaze in the young man's eyes. A tremor shook her. "Oh, Duke, it is best—I could not be happy staying any longer," she faltered, hardly knowing in her confusion whether the words answered his speech or not.

"Not happy with us! Oh, Jessamine, your words hurt me cruelly!"

She looked up quickly now; the blaze had gone out of his eyes, and a tender shining filled their wide gray darkness. He laid his hand on her shoulder, and she felt the strong youth's tremor through every fine pulse of her being.

Just then there was a hurrying of feet in the hall below. The people had returned home. There would be a burst into the library with the next moment. With a strong instinct to escape, Jessamine hurried out of a side door and up to her own room. Her face hot, her pulses all quivering, she burst into a passion of tears. Yet it was such delicious weeping that she would have been glad had it lasted forever. There was a great tremulous light and happiness at her heart, and, like the ringing of bells, filling with musical chimes some May morning, all dew, and perfume, and shining, rang the tones rather than the words of Duke Walbridge in her ear.

Yet, with maidenly shrinking, she tried to shut her eyes to the feeling which lay far down in the limpid words and tones, and gave them

their real worth and meaning; getting up and bathing her hot cheeks and trembling fingers, and chiding herself for being such a little fool as to be so happy.

Jessamine's announcement that she was to visit the Kents, created a fresh sensation in the Walbridge family. To some members of it, no doubt, this appeared a most agreeable way of getting rid of a guest whose presence might frustrate their dearly cherished plans.

Still the regrets were manifold and polite, and on the part of Eva, and her next elder sister, Grace, were, no doubt, sincere.

Gertrude entered too warmly into her mother's and elder sister's plans not to sympathize with their feeling, regarding Jessamine's further stay among them. She and Mrs. Kent came around to expedite Jessamine's removal with all the arguments and entreaties in their power, and the former had a golden pass key to the Walbridges, which it seemed the grim stone warders on each side of the front door instinctively comprehended and honored.

So there was a great deal of complimentary talk about the Kents making a sudden raid, and stealing their guest away, and their reluctance to letting her go, on the part of the Walbridges; but for all that, Mrs. Kent maintained and carried her point, which was, that Jessamine should join them with small delay.

"Anyhow, it won't be as though you were going off home. We can come to see you every day or two, can't we, Duke?" said Eva, hovering between her guest and her brother, and addressing both after the Kents had left.

Duke had not been present during their call, but his sister had related its result to him.

Margaret Wheatley, who stood near, answered for him, "Yes, if you will persist in running away from us, Miss Holland, we will take our revenge by running after you, so you will not easily get rid of us."

The young heiress was, after all, not quite certain whether she was sorry or not, that Jessamine Holland was going away. She liked the girl, to use her own term, immensely. There was something fresh, piquant, original, about all which Jessamine said and did, which had a fine flavor to the tastes of the city girl, tired and sated with the commonplace fashionable type.

Still, in a subtle way, Mrs. Ashburn's and the Walbridges' influence had been at work with Margaret Wheatley. She had begun to think that it would be very nice to have Duke fall in love with her, that it was somehow quite his duty to do it, and that Jessamine Holland

might possibly stand in the way of such an agreeable consummation of affairs.

"I never could, of course, fall in love *first*," languidly mused the young heiress; "but I do believe I like Duke Walbridge better than any other man I ever saw. He's odd and moody, and incomprehensible, but all that only makes him more interesting."

"Mamma," said Gertrude, "it's the oddest thing that the Kents should take such a violent fancy to Miss Holland. What do you suppose it means?"

"The solemn riddle is plain enough to me," answered Edith. "It all comes of Miss Holland's setting Mrs. Kent right, when the lady made that egregious blunder at the lunch-party, over Dante, the ancient Greek author."

"I wouldn't at all wonder if the two had entered into some nice little compact, whereby Mrs. Kent should be inducted into the first rudiments of the English language, with Miss Holland for professor. At all events, it is a very comfortable way of getting rid of the young lady at just this crisis. I am heartily obliged to Mrs. Kent."

"Edith, I do not quite like to hear you talk so. There are some thoughts one had better keep to themselves," admonished her mother.

"I wonder if it is any worse to have the thoughts than to tell them, mamma," laughed the young lady.

There was no doubt that Edith Walbridge was shrewd and brilliant, and that her talent for intrigue, once aroused, it would be difficult to circumvent her.

"There, Dick, didn't I tell you you'd like her?" said Mrs. Kent, nestling up to her husband, as they drove home. "I am so delighted that she is coming to us so soon, though I don't wonder those people are reluctant to let her go."

"Nonsense," answered the shrewd, practical man. "A great deal of that talk was on the surface. I could see down deep enough into it, to find the hollowness under all the fine words. I miss my guess, if some of them don't feel glad to let her take another berth. There's a young man in the family—seen him in the father's office, shrewd, good-hearted fellow,—real stuff about him. I shouldn't wonder now, if some of the family had an eye out for him. Well, thank the Lord, my little wild-flower is not a fine lady."

So the changes rung: "Can you see down through all the currents into the throbbing hearts and souls of these people?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

## FASHIONS.

There is little change to note in prevailing fashions. Summer mantles seem to be made of all shapes, but for young people the tight-fitting jackets, and jackets with Marie Antoinette fichus over them, are most worn. They are very useful, especially for country wear, and particularly in the evening or morning, when it is a little chilly.

A correspondent of the *Figaro*, writing from Toulouse, gives an account of the recent foundation in that city of a society for the abolition of "low-necked dresses." A local journal had already published the prospectus of the association, which includes a compact between lady members who are not dressmakers, never to wear low-necked dresses, and between those who are dressmakers, never either to wear low-necked dresses or to make them. "The prospectus sets forth that it is unbecoming on the part of a Christian woman to exhibit her bare neck, her bare arms, and her bare shoulders, and stigmatizes women who so appear in public as 'Pagans.' Female society is henceforth to be divided (at Toulouse) into Christian women, wearers of high dresses, and Pagan women, wearers of low ones; and for women bent on Christian attire there are to be Christian dressmakers."

The Paris correspondent of *The Queen* makes the following notice of the recent marriage in that city of the daughter of General Dix:—

"Miss Dix's bridal toilette was in exquisite taste—rich and simple. White *failla* was the material, and the train was so long, and on such a large scale, that it seemed at first sight to be a carpet thrown into the chapel. The sash was tied at the back, the ends being fringed with orange blossoms, and on the bow there was a bouquet of these bridal flowers. The wreath of orange blossoms terminated with a very long spray falling low at the back of the skirt.

"Among the company present at the ceremony there was a fair young American lady, whose beauty attracted all eyes. Her dress was peach-colored silk, the skirt bordered with three pinked out flounces; the bodice was plain, and fitted the figure closely, and on the round basques were three narrow pinked out frills. A small pointed pelerine, which reached to the centre of the back, was worn above the bodice. The bonnet was of pale pink tulle, with a coronet of pink blonde over the fair forehead; a bouquet of frosted campanulas at the side, with a garland of similar flowers running along the pink tulle lappets; and long fair ringlets, curled only at the ends, reaching considerably below the waist. Such was the toilette of this fairy like blonde from across the seas. I forgot to mention that her skirt was cut short in front, thereby discovering a pair of exquisitely-fitting peach silk boots, fastened with mother-of-pearl buttons."

## CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.



White nansook or organdie, hemmed and tucked around the bottom. It has the effect of closing diagonally in front; but this is produced by the trimming, while, in reality, it fastens down the centre of the back in the usual style, with rosettes.



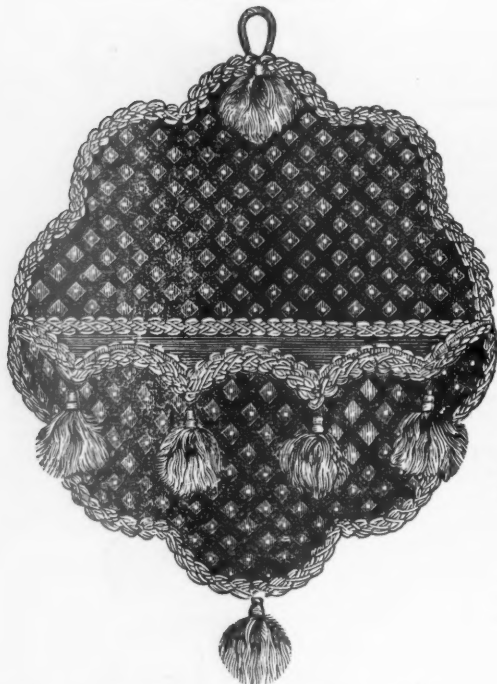
A charming little dress of gray grenadine, trimmed with blue silk, curled at the sides, and edged with blue tasseled fringe; overdress of blue silk, with corset edged with two narrow, pinked-out frills; gray rosettes, with blue centres; gray sash, bound with blue, and edged with blue fringe.

NAME FOR MARKING.





A WALL BASKET.

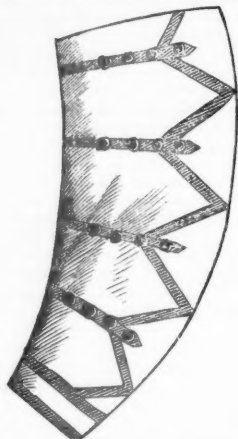


These small ornamental baskets, suspended on the walls of bed-rooms and sitting-rooms are much more general in France and Germany than in this country; but when space is scarce, so convenient are they found to be, that they are by degrees finding favor here. The model represented in our engraving can be made any size, provided the form is adhered to. It is first cut out in stiff cardboard, lined both inside and out with scarlet silk, and the form is then cut out in the new leather canvas. This canvas must be worked in cross-stitch with scarlet chenille, leaving every alternate space uncovered, so as to produce the pattern illustrated. The front and back are then stitched firmly together, and the whole adorned with scarlet gimp and scarlet tassels.

NEW STYLE SLEEVES.

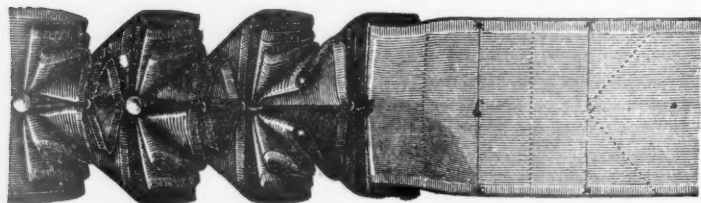


A very pretty sleeve, particularly adapted to very narrow striped and checked silks, which are this summer so fashionable.



Coat shape, vandyked with inch-wide satin ribbon, straps of the same studded with agate buttons intersecting the points; two straight bands at the wrist.

RIBBON TRIMMING.



## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**DYKES AND DITCHES; OR, YOUNG AMERICA IN HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.** A Story of Travel and Adventure. By Oliver Optic. Boston: *Lee & Shepard*.

Few writers have succeeded in interesting the juveniles so well as "Oliver Optic." His stories of adventure are full of attractions for the young.

"Dykes and Ditches," one of the "Young America Abroad Series," takes the reader to the low countries of Holland and Belgium. In his preface, "Oliver" says—"The author finds his notes so copious, and his recollection of the low countries so full of interest, that he has felt obliged to devote a considerable portion of the work to the geography and history of the country, and to the manners and customs of the people; but there is so much that is novel in the region itself, and so much that is stirring and sensational in the history of the sturdy patriots of Holland, that he hopes his young friends will not complain of the proportion in which he has mingled his material. It would be a very great happiness to him to have excited a sufficient degree of interest in those countries to induce the boys and girls to read Mr. Motley's inimitable works, 'The Rise of the Dutch Republic,' and 'The History of the United Netherlands.'"

**THE SISTERS' BY-HOURS.** By Jean Ingelow. Boston: *Roberts & Brothers*.

When writers as rarely gifted as Miss Ingelow bend down to children, and seek to lead them in the paths of virtue, honor, and Christian duty, we feel a new hope for the coming generations of men and women. All the sweetness and purity that breathed through "Stories told to a Child," will be found in this new volume. The ways of imagination through which the author takes her young readers are not only the ways of peace and pleasantness, but safe ways that lead to a goodly land wherein flows the "pure river of water of life, clear as crystal."

**RAGGED DICK; OR, STREET LIFE IN NEW YORK WITH THE BOOT-BLACKS.** By Horatio Alger, Jr. Boston: *Loring*.

This story, published as a serial in the *Schoolmate* for 1867, was received with so many evidences of favor, that the author has re-written and enlarged it, and it now appears in a handsome volume. It is written in the interest of a poor, degraded, and too much neglected class, and with the hope of creating in Christian hearts a deeper, more earnest and practical interest in some of those of whom our Lord said, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones."

**ALCOHOL: ITS NATURE AND EFFECTS.** By Dr. Charles. A Story of Chicago. New York: *National Temperance Society and Publication House*.

A new and thoroughly scientific work, written in the interests of temperance, and in a fresh, earnest, popular style that addresses itself to the intelligent comprehension of the masses. The author treats his subject in an exhaustive manner, answering in words as plain that he who runs may read, such questions as these, in regard to alcohol, as "Where does it come from?" "What effect has it upon the human body?" "Does it ever cause disease and death?" "What part of the system does it injure?" "What effect has it

upon the immortal mind?" "Does it increase the number of dolts, idiots, and fools?" etc. The volume contains drawings of the human stomach showing the effect of alcohol on that organ from health to death by delirium tremens.

From the same establishment we have a new temperance story by Mrs. Emily C. Pearson, entitled, "Our Parish." In it are graphically portrayed the evils flowing from the "still" to the dealer's family, as well as to those of his customers.

The friends of temperance should give both of these volumes a wide circulation.

**THE OLD MAN'S SECRET.** After the German of E. Marlitt. By Mrs. A. L. Wister. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

The translator has introduced to English readers a new name from the German. The story is one of more than average interest.

**ANGELIC WISDOM CONCERNING THE DIVINE PROVIDENCE.** By Emanuel Swedenborg. From the Original Latin as Edited by Dr. J. F. I. Tafel. Translated by R. Norman Foster. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

We have from the publishers another volume of their elegant edition of Swedenborg's works. It treats of the Divine government in creation, a subject of the profoundest interest to every human soul. The author takes up the following propositions, subdividing each, and discussing them in his singularly calm and lucid manner:

1. The Divine Providence is the Government of the Lord's Divine Love and Wisdom.
2. The end of the Lord's Divine Providence is a Heaven from the Human Race.
3. The Lord's Divine Providence, in all its activity regards the Infinite and Eternal.
4. There are Laws of the Divine Providence which are unknown to man.
5. It is a Law of the Divine Providence that a man should act in freedom according to reason.
6. It is a Law of the Divine Providence that man should, as of himself, remove evils as sins in the external man, and that thus, and not otherwise, the Lord can remove evils in the internal man and in the external simultaneously.
7. It is a Law of the Divine Providence that man's thought and will, thus his faith and love, in matters of religion, should not be compelled by external means; but that man should persuade and sometimes compel himself.
8. It is a Law of the Divine Providence that man should be led and taught from Heaven by the Lord through the Word, and doctrine and reading from it, and this, to all appearance, as of himself.
9. It is a Law of the Divine Providence that man should have no perception and sense of its operation, but should know and acknowledge it.
10. Man's own Prudence is nothing, but only seems to be, and moreover ought to seem to be; but the Divine Providence, owing to its existence in the smallest particular, is universal.
11. The Divine Providence regards things Eternal, and Temporal things only so far as they harmonize with the Eternal things.
12. Man is not admitted, interiorly, into the true in

Faith and the good in Charity, except so far as he may be kept therein until the end of life.

13. The Laws of Permission are also the Laws of the Divine Providence.

14. Evils are permitted on account of the End, which is Salvation.

15. The Divine Providence exists equally with the Wicked and the Good.

16. The Divine Providence appropriates neither Evil nor Good to any one; but man's own Prudence appropriates both.

17. Every man may be reformed, and there is no Predestination.

18. The Lord cannot act contrary to the Laws of Divine Providence, because to do so would be to act contrary to His own Divine Love and to His own Divine Wisdom—that is, contrary to Himself.

It will be seen from these propositions, that this work of the illustrious Swede is one of deep and commanding interest. The translation is new, having been made specially for the present edition, and gives the reader a version in pure and scholarly English.

**FLEETWOOD'S LIFE OF CHRIST AND HIS APOSTLES**, with more than two hundred notes and references, and explanations of the text. By Rev. I Newton Brown, D. D. Philadelphia: Bradley & Co.

Those well-known publishers, Bradley & Co., who have been for the last twenty years largely engaged in issuing works of superior merit, send us their new edition of Fleetwood's Life of Christ, with valuable notes and references explanatory of the text by that eminent Biblical scholar, Rev. I. Newton Brown, D. D. The book is gotten up in the very best manner as to typography, paper and binding, and many of the illustrations are fine specimens of art, and alone worth the price of the volume.

**GRACE KENNEDY'S WORKS.** 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. S. Claxton.

Printed in an attractive type, these volumes embrace the well-known tales of "*Father Clement*," "*Decision*," "*Profession is not Principle*," and "*Dunallan*."

The test of years has only added to the appreciation these writings have gained.

**THE CHIMNEY CORNER.** By Christopher Crowfield. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The readers of the "*Atlantic Monthly*" will be glad to see in one compact volume these capital papers of Mrs. Stowe. Few books, treating of domestic life in its details, are so full of keen observation and practical sense, as this series of essays. The nature of the subjects treated, and the cheerful common-sense way in which they are discussed, give this volume great value to all thoughtful readers, and, in the present state of the woman question, will command for it careful perusal.

We quote one passage from the Essay on Transition, which refers to a truth too painfully evident to every thinking mind:

"In fact, we, in America, have so far got out of the way of a womanhood, that has any vigor of outline or opulence of physical proportions, that when we see a woman made as woman ought to be, she strikes us as a monster. Our willowy girls are afraid of nothing so much as growing stout, and if a young lady begins to round into proportions like the women in Titian's or Giorgione's pictures, she is distressed beyond measure, and begins to make secret inquiries into reducing diet, and to cling desperately to the strongest corset lacing as her only hope. It would require one to be better educated than most of our girls are, to be willing to look like the 'Sistine Madonna, or the Venus of Milo.'"

**STEPHEN LAWRENCE, YEOMAN.** By the author of "*Archie Lovel*," Mrs. Edwards. New York: Sheldon & Co.

In these prolific days of sensation novels, filled to overflowing with startling situations, wicked heroes, and foolish heroines, one experiences a feeling of relief in reading this history of the love, not smoothly running, of course, but eventually triumphant, of an honest, sturdy, English yeoman, for a lady, born in a class socially far above his, and who, at the opening of the story, and indeed, until almost the ending, is engaged to be married to a hypochondriacal peer, one of the richest *partis* in England. The interest of the story is maintained throughout, and the characters are well drawn. It is a love story, charmingly written.

## EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

### TALKS AT ROCKLEDGE.

A dry, stifling, scalding heat blazing through the long dog-day in the heart of August; a cloudless, brazen sky overhead; a parched earth underneath; yet the year's best juices grew mellow in orchard and field under that torrid heat. The one problem, with a thermometer which had stood since daybreak deep among the nineties, was not how to keep cool, for that was an impossibility, but how to exist at all.

We tried various methods, making spasmodic attempts at working, reading, talking; we wandered from room to room in search of cool, shadowy corners, but the heat was omnipresent, and found us out there.

Then we tried philosophy, put a grim face on the matter, and for several hours not a remark escaped as regarding the weather; but the heat was mightier than our philosophy, and when Dr. Ben returned from a professional call, perspiring and panting, and rolling back his wilted wristbands, Grace and I cried out

simultaneously—"Doctor, is there any prospect of a breeze?"

"I'm sorry to say I haven't discovered it, my dears. Wheu! but this day matches some that I remember floating down the Nile, or on the coast of Spain, when Caliban's 'south-east' blew on us straight from the deserts of Africa."

"One naturally looks to be parboiled and toasted on the southern coast of Spain, but one wonders what kind of claim such a day as this has to plant itself on our cold New England shore. It is a thing of the tropics, of the palms and the jungles. Its fiery life throbs strangely enough in the steadfast pulses of our New England climate. What right has this stranger among us?"

"The right which the year gives it," said the Doctor. "Our climate is cosmopolitan, and makes room during the course of twelve months for every temperament upon this planet, from the Arctic circle to the heats of Ceylon."

"Oh for a wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
And a wind that follows fair!"

"It's amazing to me," I subjoined, "where you two people find the spirit to keep up any conversation. As for myself, brain and tongue are equally incapable of bringing out an idea."

"I'm quite collapsed now," said Grace. "I've only vigor enough left to ply this palm leaf."

At last came the welcome sunset, and a blessed wind from the sea spread its wings and came shoreward. We went on the veranda, and drank in its strong, fresh life, as men dying of thirst drink in the cool waters which they have come on suddenly in some crystal spring of the desert. Far behind the distant hills we heard a low rumble like the tramp of an army, and we knew that the thunder was speaking in the clouds.

In a little while they bore in sight, great, vast black bulks hanging on the horizon, among which glittered every few moments the red ropes of lightning. We watched the slow, dark swinging of the clouds up the sky, and the sweet faces of the stars fled away before them.

"To think," said the Doctor, "that the year whose veins was full of the strong, swift blood of its youth when we came down here to Rockledge a little while ago is waning already; its face is turned towards the autumn. Ah, girls, these fiery days are slowly burning the summer away; in a little while you will have the chills and the frosts, the winds and the autumn, and beyond that the snows and the winter."

"Oh, Doctor, don't," said Grace, with a bit of deprecatory gesture. "It hurts me to think the time is not very far off for leaving this dear little cottage, where we have been so much happier than we would have been in a palace."

"The time is not very far off, my child, when we must leave everything that is pleasant in this world. Once in awhile—not too often—I think it does us good to look that fact also in the face. It makes us graver and tenderer, and sets things in their true relations; it softens the chafe of many a disappointment; it silences the heat and tumult of many a bitter wrong to think, 'Ah, well! it will all be over very soon.' And how little difference it will make in the end!"

"This sort of feeling," I said, "flashes like the lightning up yonder across one's soul in reading the history of two or three centuries ago. The echoes of all that tumult and death struggle, the defeats and the victories, the rejoicings and the sufferings, ring down to us, and one pauses sometimes and addresses the actors after this fashion—'What does all the tumult and raging, the wearing of soul and body—what does it all amount to? You will slip down into your graves so soon—the wronger and the wronged. Oh, human souls, why will you strain yourselves running after such shadows?' And yet their hopes, their griefs, their passions, their lives, were as real and earnest as ours are to us; the same green earth was around them, the same sweet, steadfast stars overhead, and above all the God in whose name so many of these actors in our great historical dramas served their own ends, wrought their own foul evil."

"And then," continued the Doctor, "how differently things look to us surveying them through our long perspective of centuries. The living, breathing men and women who toiled and suffered, who triumphed and were defeated, had the close, narrow horizons of the present about them—just as we have ours now."

"But stand still a moment and listen, and far up in

the early youth of the sixteenth century, in an old town in the heart of Germany, the October sun is shining pleasantly; and a monk, in a threadbare frock of his order, is nailing some thoughts, which of late have been stirring in his soul and making a good deal of tumult there, on the old church door of the quiet little town. Do you hear the strokes of the hammer in the monk's hand? By and by the town's people will come along one by one and read what is nailed up there, and gather in groups around it, and look at each other with awed, wondering, excited faces.

"Yet the strokes of that monk's hammer in the quiet old German town, in the pleasant autumn sunshine, are to shake the centuries by their power. They ring down to us now, clear and strong, above all the braying of trumpets, the clashing of armor, the rush and the bellowing of awful battles; that one solitary hammer is in a little while to shake the thrones of mighty kings, to strike the tiara from the brow of the haughty pope, and the crowns from the heads of anointed princes. Each stroke of that old hammer in the lean hand of the monk, worn by toil, and fasting, and internal wrestlings of soul, is yet to sound above all the rage and roar of the nations; monarchs and councils, all the splendor, the pomp and the strength of the world are to rise up and come together to silence the echo of those strokes; but above all the tumult, and clamor, and wrath, they ring up into the heart of the nations, ringing life, and health, and freedom wherever men and women stop to listen, for the still, small voice of the eternal God is in them.

"And yet, if Luther could have known what he was doing that morning, on nailing his paper to the old church door, how his strong heart would have quaked within him, and the hammer would have dropped from his palsied hand.

"Upon these strokes hung, a little later, the midnight boom of St. Bartholemew's bells, the awful massacre which should make the nations stand still for fear; upon them hung battle-fields which should drain the best blood of mighty peoples, and dash the sceptre from the hands of monarchs; those strokes would kindle the blaze of martyr fires all over the land—they would make scaffolds reek with the blood of the good and the noble throughout the earth—they would crowd dungeons with men and women, and fill the galleys with chained prisoners—they would doom thousands to the tortures of the Inquisition—to death by rope and fire, by drowning and living burial, by slow torments, and swift axe—they would blacken with desolation, and turn into howling wildernesses some of the fairest landscapes of earth: there is no woe nor misery nor madness, that does not lie beyond that writing on the old church door. Oh, monk, in the autumn morning, I hear the sounds of your hammer, and they ring down to me clear and strong across the tidal swell of the years, and yet, I think, if you had seen the picture which lay beyond, you would have torn down the paper from the old church door, and rushed from the spot."

"But Doctor," faltered Grace, "there was another side which Luther did not see. That which God did, and which we do now."

"Yes; the breaking of chains, the peace, order, liberty, knowledge—all the strength and glory and honor of this our own day and generations, are that other side of the picture; and the stroke of the monk's hammer rang in the new morning light and liberty for the world. It was a brave deed that he was doing, but he never stood like Moses, upon the mountain top, and laid down peacefully to die, after seeing the promised land across the rolling river of

three centuries. He was content, as we should all be, to do the work of the Lord when it came to his brain and hand."

"It teaches us, too," added Grace, "that the croakers never can accomplish much in God's world. There is nothing that rasps me more than to hear those kind of people talk, who never see the better side of anything in human nature, or in life, who take delight in showing up the meanness and selfishness of mankind. Think of the moral darkness and corruption of that day in which Luther did his work, of the greed, the superstition, the bigotry of the time. Look at the foul lines of cell and cloister, of priest and nun; and he, to whom all eyes were turned, who was worshipped as God, who claimed to hold the keys of heaven and hell, turning the very salvation of God into a stock of pardons which was hawked about the country, in order that men might purchase the privilege of sinning with impunity. We shudder as we think of the darkness and foul corruption in which the age sat bound and shivering, and yet Luther did best to trust to God, and the moral instincts of mankind. Think how sublimely the people justified him in the end. Think of all they endured and sacrificed for love of the truth.

"He is wisest who trusts something to his race, who relies upon its instincts of truth and justice in the individual and the mass."

Just then, the first drops plashed on the rose-leaves of the veranda. The wind bore in fresh from the sea, and the low, black skirts of the clouds hung overhead.

A moment later, there was the blaze of the lightning, the clatter of the thunder, and the swift rain drove out of the clouds, and all the air was full of cool, delicious sweetness, whose every breath was new life, and the dark, bright splendor of the storm passed over us.

To-morrow one life at Rockledge would be broken in upon by the advent of aunts, uncles and cousins. The little quiet cottage on the shore would be filled with a crowd of curious, eager guests, who were at last to be convinced by indubitable proofs, that our experiment at Rockledge was something more than a pretty sentimental, unpractical fancy.

We should be glad to welcome the dear home faces and voices; but the old, quiet life by the sea-shore filling our hearts with its strength and peace, would be banished now, and we stood at the gate of its last hours and gazed back with the tender reluctance of sweet thronging memories before we left it.

Then we went to bed, and fell into our dreams, while outside, the thick rain cooled and sweetened—a blessing from Heaven—the summer air. V. F. T.

#### "ONE OF THE CHOSEN."

MESSRS. BRADLEY & Co., of this city, have just published, by subscription, one of the sweetest and tenderest pictures we have seen for a long time. It is an engraving by Sartain, from a painting by an American artist. In describing this picture, one has said:—"There are children whose blossom-like lives unclothe, whose sweetness thrills us, and whose tender, serious, wistful ways fill us with vague forebodings—who faint, and fade, and die, while their sturdier playmates shout and dance, and grow away from childhood's freshness into sorrowful men and women. Such a child has caught the Artist's eye and been depicted by him as 'One of the Chosen.' A sweet oval face with long, light, waving hair, dropping loosely away from the low, wide forehead. The parted lips, the upward

gaze, the wrapt, large look of the intense eyes, the folded hands, the inexpressibly beseeching, timid, pathetic grace of expression, touch us with an emotion too deep for tears. Overhead stretches God's sky and His infinite Heavens, into which the form seems floating away, away, beyond our reach."

There are thousands of homes from which have passed upwards just such a pure and lovely one to be forever with the angels, and in which this picture will be as a sweet remembrancer of the loved and lost.

#### "THE SICK DOLL."

In this amusing picture the artist has been very happy in catching one of the many droll humors of the little folks. The Doctor is a capital personation, and the whole scene a study for a tableaux.

#### "She Stands by the Window Knitting."

BY M. E. ROCKWELL.

THE red June roses clamber and bloom  
Through the summer morning hours;  
The dewy breezes are faint with perfume  
Stolen out of the cups of flowers;  
The mother robin with joy is wild  
'Round her downy nestlings flitting,  
While Eda's mother misses her child  
As she stands by the window knitting.

The red rose bloom is pale to her,  
There is chill in the summer air,  
And only the smell of mignonette  
Among all that the breezes bear.  
The mignonette—for it lay beside  
The small, white face at the last;  
And the note of the robin that chirps to her young  
Thrills her heart with the woe of the past.

Oh, the sunshine is bright, and the garden gay,  
And the gravelled walks are warm  
Where she taught the tender little feet  
To bear the baby form!  
One year ago, when the roses came,  
Her pet was among them sitting;  
Now they are the same—but she is alone  
As she stands by the window knitting.

Oh, sweet, sad eyes, that cannot bear  
The summer glory to view,  
While the face that made the whole world fair  
Is hidden away from you!  
Oh, patient hands, with your constant task  
Busy, in vain, to forget  
The pale, soft curls 'round your fingers twined,  
That seem to be twining yet!

Sweet mother of Eda—the sweetest child  
Our eyes may ever behold—  
Through thy closed lids let the radiance shine  
No tongue or pen has told.  
Not far away, but at thy side,  
Thy beautiful darling lives;  
By angels tended, she waits to guide  
To the home our Father gives!

Ye pitiful angels, whose tender arms  
Bear our precious Eda now,  
With glorious sweetness in her eyes  
And solemnly joyful brow,  
Oh, stay your white pinions, and hover near,  
One glimpse of your charge permitting  
The mother's weary heart to cheer,  
As she stands by the window knitting.



## MISS BREMER.

THE very interesting article on Miss Bremer, made up from passages in her early life, taken from the loving Biography written by her sister, and just published by Hurd & Houghton of New York, has so encroached on the pages of this month's "Home," that most of our Departments have had to be omitted. But no reader will regret the substitution of this article for the usual variety. In it we have a revelation of the early life of Miss Bremer that draws deeply on our sympathies. It was a life of the most dreary repression and dull monotony, against the hard impediments of which her whole childhood was spent in vain reaction.

## A TRUE AMBITION.

"I believe the day will come," says an eloquent preacher, "when a young man will be proud not to drink, not to use tobacco, not to waste his strength in the indulgence of his animal passions. I believe the day will come when to be true to one's nature, and true to God's law, and to be robust, and cheerful, and strong, and to be conscious that to do this is a part of the commandments of God which we are to keep, making health on that foundation—I believe the day is coming when this is to be an aim of ambition and a matter of praise among men; and I shall hail the day when it comes."

## "RUBBERS."

The *Galaxy* has the following:—Prof. Whitney mentions, as one of his many illustrations of the historical character of word-making, that we put on a "pair of rubbers," because when caoutchouc was first brought to us, we could find no better use for it than the rubbing out of pencil-marks. But overshoes of this material are now universally called "rubbers." In Philadelphia, with a reference to the nature of the substance of which they are made, they are called "gums." A Philadelphia gentleman and his wife coming to spend the evening at a house where they were very much at home, and to the question, "Why, where is Emily?" answered, "Oh, Emily is outside cleaning her gums upon the mat;" whereupon there was a look of astonishment and a peal of laughter. There is no need whatever of the use of either of the poor words *rubbers* or *gums*. The proper word is simply *overshoes*, which expresses all that there is occasion to tell except to a manufacturer or a salesman.

NO DISTINCTION.—During the bathing season last year, a pompous individual walked up to the office of a sea-side hotel, and with considerable flourish signed the book, and in a loud voice exclaimed—"I'm Lieutenant Governor of ——" "That doesn't make any difference," said the landlord, "you'll be treated just as well as the others."

DR. JOHNSON, at a late period of his life, observed to Sir Joshua Reynolds—"If a man does not make new acquaintances as he passes through life, he will soon find himself let alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair."

"THE HOLLANDS," Miss Townsend's charming story, increases in interest. It is one of the talented author's finest achievements.

It is gratifying to learn from all quarters that the "Home" is meeting with the highest approval; and equally gratifying to be able to state that the subscription for 1868 is largely in advance of last year.

PARISIAN HONORS.—We submit, says Demorest's Magazine, the following to our readers. Comment is unnecessary:—

"At the Paris Universal Exposition, Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson, 625 Broadway, received the gold medal, and the only one awarded for the most perfect sewing machine and button-hole machine exhibited.

"J. C. DERBY, New York,

"U. S. General Agent for the Exposition."

"The only gold medal for the manufacture and perfection of sewing machines and button-hole machines was awarded to Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson of New York.

"HENRY F. Q. D'ALIGNY,  
"Member of International Jury and Reporter of same."

ECONOMY.—It has been noted by the commercial papers, as of much importance to consumers, that two full cargoes of new teas have been purchased very low, and are offered to families nearly at cost. It will be well for families to secure a few pounds of these teas soon, as the Great American Tea Company, 31 and 33 Vesey Street, who hold them, are selling immense quantities, and at cheap prices.—*Methodist*.

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The new magazine grows better, we think, with each number.—*The Nation*.  
It has no superior.—*New Haven Register*.

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JUNE ROSES

CHILDREN READING.







A handsome summer suit, made in *chene* silk, or iron grenadine. The upper skirt is open on each breadth, and trimmed with narrow quillings of silk. A high *fichu* mantelet forms the outside garment, the broad square ends passing through the belt in front, the whole trimmed, as are the ends of the sash, to match the skirt. The sash ends, it will be observed, are laid in folds a short distance from the points, and ornamented with a bow.



MARIA LOUISA CLOAK (front and back view).—A simple, stylish garment for black silk, or to be made *en suite* with the dress. The shape is quite loose, and the sides left open to the waist, by which means the belt may be closed underneath, or outside of the front at the will of the wearer; a bow and sash ends behind. Trimming of silk fringe, headed with serpentine satin piping.



**FIGURE (front and back view).—**A round cape, festooned across the shoulders with rosettes; sash ends held at the waist by a rosette; the ends are caught up in plaits under rosettes; the back is drawn up with a cord knot and tassels.

This mode is elegant in silk; it is ornamented with rich moss galoon and crimped fringe. It is also very pretty for white or black grenadine decorated with colored trimming.



No. 1.



No. 2.

**No. 1.—BODICE APRON.**—To be made of silk or grenadine for misses from nine to fourteen years of age; it fits the figure and closes in the back with buttons; a ruching of pinked-out silk around the top, and ruching around the bottom above two narrow ruffles. A pretty trimming is formed by putting a row of moss or fringed gimp above a lace ruffle or silk points.

**No. 2.—**A charming little gored dress for a child of two and a half or three years. Skirt and body cut in one, without plaits, and with short rounded caps for sleeves. The material is blue poplin checked with white, the trimming white silk embroidery braid, with a gimp edge.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

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COMPOSED BY ANTHONY W. SCHMIED.

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2do. TRIO.

*ff* *p*

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a '2do.' marking above a bracketed measure. The bass staff has a forte 'ff' dynamic marking. The system concludes with a 'TRIO.' marking above a double bar line, followed by a piano 'p' dynamic marking in the bass staff.

The second system continues the piece with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

The third system of music shows a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with some rests. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment of chords and eighth notes.

1mo. 2do. *D. C. Galop.* *ff*

The fourth system includes a treble and bass staff. It features two first endings marked '1mo.' and '2do.' above the treble staff. Below the first ending is the instruction 'D. C. Galop.' The system ends with a forte 'ff' dynamic marking in the bass staff.

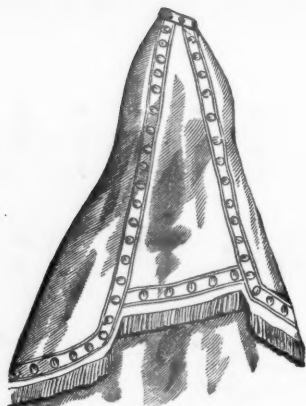
The fifth system consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3'. The bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with chords.

The sixth system shows a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melodic line with eighth notes. The bass staff has a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.

*D. C. al Trio al*



No. 1.—CAPE.



No. 2.

No. 1.—One side folds across the other, the ends coming under the belt, and the space above displaying the body of the dress. It is usually made of the dress material, and is pretty for suits for ladies, misses, or children.

No. 2.—This graceful summer cloak or mantle is made of white grenadine, trimmed with a tufted silk ribbon or galoon, and edged with crimped silk fringe the color of the tufts, which are generally raised in some decided contrast to the white ground. If less color is preferred, the fringe may be white.



No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 1.—Young lady's afternoon dress of lawn or *percale*. Gored skirt with three puffs heading a flounce; French waist closing with buttons in the back; a short apron in three gores, straight at the bottom and bordered with puffing, extends across the front and sides; belt and sash of the same material or ribbon. This style is pretty for *mozambique* and grenadine.

No. 2.—Figured grenadine, trimmed upon the sleeves and one side of the skirt, with straight rows of satin piping having rosettes set between; the body is made full, and closes in the back, the neck being cut out in a point in front and encircled with piping. A frill of lace is necessary to complete it for wear. Gimp or straw trimming is quite as pretty as satin, if preferred. The belt closes with a rosette at one side.